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ANNUAL REPORT
2010-2011
YEAR 11

THE
Worthines
of Wales:

*Wherein are more then a thousand severall things
rehearsed: some set out in prose to the pleasure of the
Reader, and with such varietie of verse for the
beautifying of the Book, as no doubt shal
delight thousands to vnderstand.*

*Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange
matter to consider of: All the which labour and deuice is
drawne forth and set out by Thomas Church-
yard, to the glorie of God, and honour of
his Prince and Countrey.*



Imprinted at London, by G.
Robinson, for Thomas Cadman.

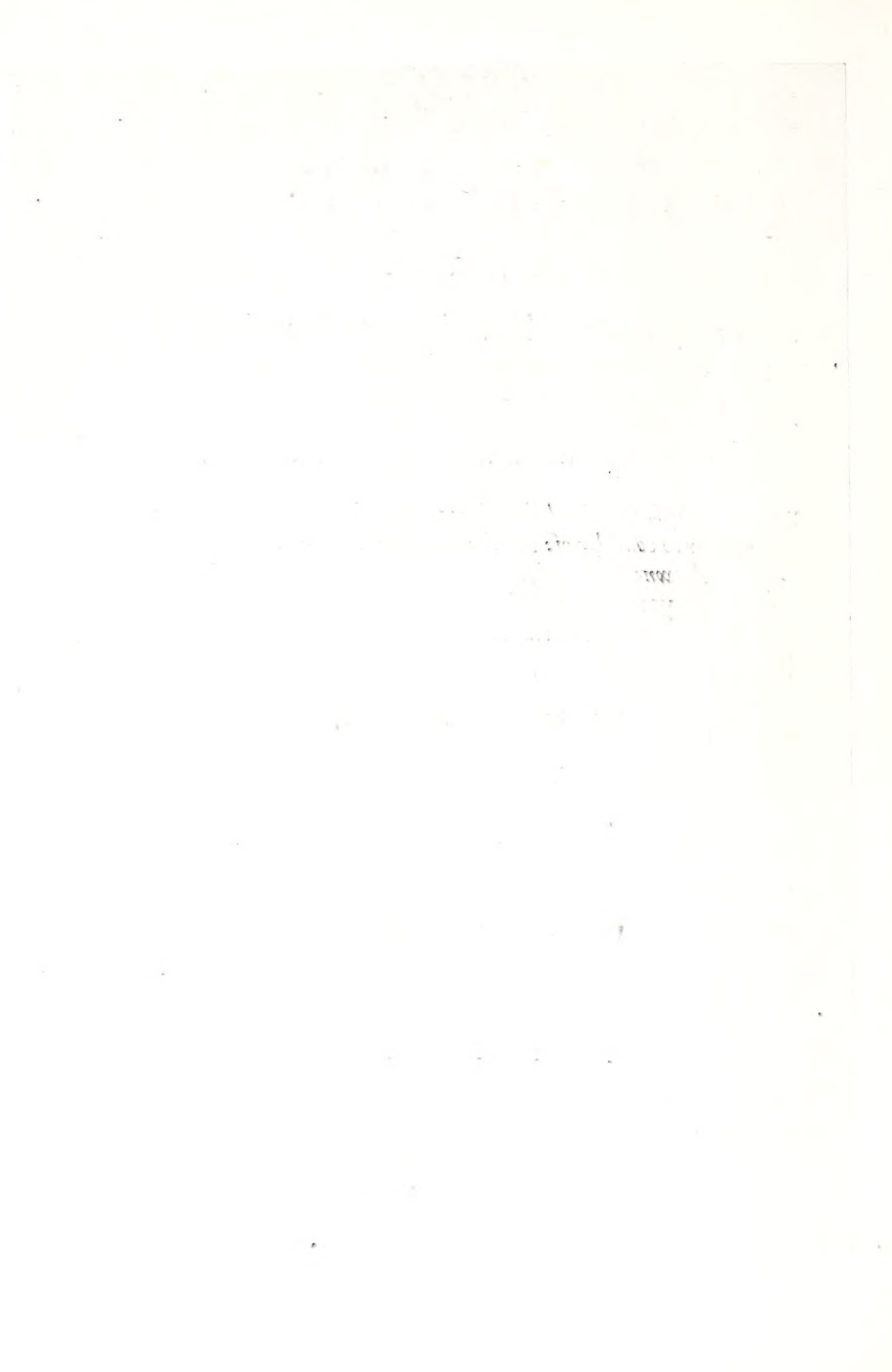
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To the Queenes

most Excellent Maiestie, Elizabeth,

by the grace of God, Queene of England,

Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Church-

yard wisheth alwayes blessednes, good fortune,

victorie, and worldly honour, with the encrease

of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and most

Princely gouernment.



*MOST Redoubted and Royall
Queene, that Kings doe feare,
Subiects doe honour, strangers
seeke succour of, and people of
speciall spirit acknowledge (as
their manifold books declare)*

*I least of all, presume to farre,
either in presenting matter to be iudged of, or to ad-
uenture the cracking of credite, with writing any
thing, that may breede mislike (presents not well ta-
ken) in the deepe iudgement of so high and mightie
a Princeesse. But where a multitude runnes for ward
(forced through desire or fortune) to shewe duetie,
or to see what falleth out of their forwardnes, I step-
ping in among the rest, am driuen and led (by affec-*

The Epistle

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng, I finding my self brought before the presence of your Maiestie (but barely furnished of knowledge) to whom I must vtter some matter of delight, or from whom I must retourne all abashed with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, vnder your Princely fauour I haue vndertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of Wales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people so exceeds, and surpasseth the common goodwill of the worlde, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in deede diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. For which cause I haue traunayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I haue beheld, and throughly scene, to my great contentment

Dedicatorie

tentment and admiration. For the Citties, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vnto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the cōditions of the people, & to shew some what of their curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your Maestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named among them, but such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meanest of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shall be so saluted, halsted and made of, as though he were some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers Stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

The Epistle

he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not
used, and yet besides all this goodnes and great re-
gard, there is neither heve nor cry (for a robbery)
in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for
feare of iustice, loue of God, or good disposition, small
Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They
triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very
name of a falsifier of promes, a murderer or a theef,
is most odious among them, especially a Traytor is
so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord
as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others,
who the common people would haue torne in peeces
if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they
haue one of another, that neither in market townes,
high wayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they
strive not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting:
for in sted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they
use frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowled-
ging duetie thereby, & doing such reuerence to their
betters, that euery one in his degree is so well un-
derstood and honored, that none can iustly say hee
hath suffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude &
burbarous behauiour of the people. These vsages of
theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their ciuil
maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is

some

Dedicatorie

Some more nobler nature in that Nation; then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am desirous to make manifest and publish: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely sheeld me from the hazard of worlds hastie iudgement, that condemnes men without cause for writing that they know, and praysing of people before their faces: (which suspicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne speeches be offensive, the ignorant world shall dwell long in errors, and true Writers may sodaynly sit in silence. I have not only searched sondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also paynfully traueiled to trye out the substance of that is written, for feare of committing some unpardonable fault and offence, in presenting this Booke vnto your Highnesse. Which worke, albeit it is but litle, (because it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it shal reioyce the whole Countrey of VVales, whē they shall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious sight, & hath passed through those blessed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a stately Kingdome, and Ferrytorie. And my selfe shall reape so much gladnesse, by the free passage of this simple labour, that
here-

The Epistle

hereafter I shall goe through (GOD sparing life)
with the rest of the other Shieres not heere named.
These things only taken in hand, to cause your High-
nesse to knowe, what puyssance and strength such a
Princesse is of, that may commaund such a people:
and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in such a
Countrey, as hereunto hath bin but little spoken of,
and yet deserueth most greatest laudation. And in
deede the more honorable it is, for that your High-
nesse princely Auncestors sprong forth of the noble
braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully pray-
ing for your Maiesties long preseruatiō, (by whose
bountie and goodnesse I a long while haue liued)

I wish your Highnesse all the hap, honour,
victorie, and hart's ease, that can
be desired or imagined.

Your Highnesse humble Seruant and
Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.



To euery louing and
friendly Reader.



I may seeme straunge (good Reader) that I haue chosen in the end of my daies to trauaile , and make discription of Countries : whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haüted the warres , and written somewhat of Martiall Discipline : but as euery season breedeth a seuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers: (drawing the mynd to sondric dispositions) so common occasion that commands the iudgement, hath set me a worke , and the warme good will & affection, borne in breast, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand , which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to shewe a difference in writing, and a playnnesse in speech (because playne people affects no flourishing phrase) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could , declared my opinion of that sweete Soyle and good Subiects therof, euen at that very instant, when Wales was almost forgotten , or scarce remembred with any great lawdation , when it hath merited to be written of : for sondrie famous causes most meete to be honored, and necessary to be touched in. First, the world will confesse (or els it shall do wrong) that some of our greatest Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey : which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the same Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardó me withall to com-

To the Reader.

mit you to the Chronicles, for the seeking out of her Ancestors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by vs, from her Maiesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and iust dealings. An act so noble & notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen vnrecited.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the Crowne, and see how soone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in *France*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witnessse) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies:

Then looke into the seruice and preferuation of *Scotland* (at the siege of *Leeth*) and see how finely the French were al shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that neuer since they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards *Scotland* at the first.

Then consider how bace our money was, & in what short tyme (with little losse to our Countrey) the bad coyne was conuerted to good siluer: and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places foud cause to pray for her life, who sought to purchase their peace and see them in safetic.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for *Flanders*, during the first troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Christianly cōceiue how many multitudes of Strangers she hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licensed them to liue here in peace and rest.

Then paise in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept
the

To the Reader.

the Castle of *Edenbrough* against their owne naturall Lord & Maister: which presumptuous part of Subiects, her Highnesse could not abide to behold: wherevpon she sent a sufficient power to ayde the Kings Maiestie: which power valiantly wonne the Castle, and freely deliuered the same to the right owner thereof, with all the treasure and prisoners therein.

Then regard how honourably she hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to see her, or needed her magnificēt supportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightinesse & managing of all matters gone about and put in exercise princely, and yet peaceably since the day of her Highnesse Coronation, and you shall be forced to confesse that she surmounts a great number of her Predecessors: and she is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greatest Monarke of the world.

Is not such a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioysing to all her good neighbours? And doth not she daily deserue to haue bookes dedicated in the highest degree of honor to her Highnesse? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my senses and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of causes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my duetie hath no end of seruice, nor no limits are set to a loyall Subiect, but to wish and worke to the vttermost of power.

Within this worke are severall discourses: some of the beautie & blessednes of the Countrey: some of the strength and statelynesse of their inpregnable Castles: some of their trim Townes and fine situation: some of their antiquitie, shewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their first name and prerogatiue. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houses, and the rest of things whatsoever, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

To the Reader.

William
Malmeſburie
de regibus an-
gloꝝ.

David Powell
a lite writer,
yet excellently
learned, made
a ſharp invec-
tive againſt
William Par-
uus and Polli-
dor Virgill (&
all their com-
plices) accu-
ſing them of
lying tongues,
envious de-
traction, mali-
cious floun-
ders, reproach-
full and veno-
mous lan-
guage, wilfull
ignorance, dog-
ged enuie, and
cancered
mindes, for
that they ſpake
vncuerently
of Arthur, and
many other
thiſe noble
Princes.
Jeffrey of
Monmouth.
Mattheue of
Weſtmiſter,
and others are
here in like
ſort to be read
& looked on.

contencioſly to find fault with any, or confute the former
writers and tyme: but to aduance and winne credite to the
preſent truth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes
and ages, that hath iuſtly giuen euery Nation their due, and
truely without affection hath ſet downe in plaine words the
worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a
true Author, as I hate and deteſt a reporter of trifeling fa-
bles. A true Hiftorie is called the Miſtreſſe of life: and yet all
Hiftoryographers in writing of one thing, agree not well
one with another: becauſe the writers were not preſent in
the tymes, in the places, nor ſaw the perſons they make mē-
tion of: but rather haue leaned and liſtned on the common
report, than ſtayed or truſted to their owne experience.

Strabo a moſt famous writer findes fault (for the like oc-
caſion) with *Erſtaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Poſſidonius*, and
Patrocles the Geographer: And ſuch diſcord did ariſe amōg
writers in tyme paſt, as *Iofephus* ſaith againſt *Appio*, that they
reprooued one another by bookes, and all men in generall
reprooued *Herodorus*.

God ſhield me from ſuch caueling: for I deliuer but what
I haue ſeene and read: alledging for defence both auncient
Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (lo-
uing Reader) doe rather ſtruggle with thoſe two ſtrong pil-
lars of knowledge, than ſtriuē with the weakneſſe of my in-
uention: which to auoyde ſharpeſſe (and bitter words) is
ſweetned and ſeaſoned with gentle verſes, more pleaſant to
ſome mens cares then proſe, and vnder whoſe ſmooth grace
of ſpeech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the
common ſort of people can comprehend. For verſes like a
familiar friend (with a gallant phraſe) rides quietly by thou-
ſands, and daſteth no one perſon, and galloping cleanly a-
way merites no rebuke: when proſe with a ſoft pace cannot
with ſuch cunning paſſe vnperceiued. But albis one
when in neither of both is found no matter of
miſtruſt, nor ſpeeches to offend, there is no
cauſe of diſlike. So crauing thy good
opinion, good Reader ſarwell.



A true note of the

auncient Castles, famous Monu-

ments, goodly Riuers, faire Bridges,

fine Townes, and courteous people,

that I haue seene in the noble

Countrie of *Wales.*



Through sondrie Soyles, and stately

Kingdomes rich,

Long haue I traekt, to tread out time
and yeares:

Where I at will, haue surely seene
right mitch,

As by my workes, and printed bookes
appeares.

And wearied thus, with toyle in foze
rayne place,

I homeward dye, to take some rest a space:

But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,

Began a fresh, to trouble restless hed.

Then newfound toyles, that haies men all in haste,

To runne on head, and looke not where they goe:

Bade reason ride, where loue should be enbraste,

And where tyme could, his labour best bestowe.

To Wales (quoth Wit), there doch plaine people dwell,

So mayst thou come, to heauen out of hell:

Foꝛ Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,

Poore Flaunders grosse, and farre from happie daies.

Ritch Spayne is proude, and sterne to straungers all,

In Italic, poppling is alwaies rise:

The Authors
troublesome
life briefly
set downe.

A Short note
of the nature
of many Cou-
tries, with the
disposition of
the people
there.

The worthines

And Germanie, to Drunkennesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynd,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware vnkynd:
England God wot, hath learnde such leawdnesse late,
That Wales methinks, is now the soundest state,

A commen-
dation of the
loyaltie of
Welshmen.

In all the rest, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie staynes the Soyle:
But since the tyme, that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittain land, was neuer put to foyle,
For foule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or iarre,
Because they know, ethe smart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearfall of
great strife and
dissention that
ruinated
Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish ruyne and wracke,
And Owen Glendore, set bloodie byoyles abroach:
Full many a Towne, was spoyld and put to lacke,
And cleane consum'd, to Countries soule reproach.
Great Castles raste, fayre Byuldings burnt to dust,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by lust:
But since they came, and yeilded vnto Lawe,
Holt meeke as Lambe, within one poke they drawe.

How Lawe
and loue links
men together
like brethren.

Like brethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
In as much loue, as any men aliuie:
The friendship there, and concord that I see,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hieue.
Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
Yet gladly shoue, to straunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

The accus-
tomed courties
of Wales.

Wasse where you please, 'on plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And beare your selfe, in swæte and ciuill sozt:

And

of Wales.

And you shall sure, be haulst with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by: on braues they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a trau'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and duetie franke and free,
In Towne or fælde, to yeld you cap and knee.

They will not striue, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that trauailes through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of siluer stuffed thowwe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now:
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and gypde them there,
That doth to God, and man such Conscience beare.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The shot is great, when each mans paies his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the yeare:
The ground mannurde, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands liue, in wealth and blessed peace.

But come againe, vnto their courteous shoe,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the same:
The like whereof, through all the world doe goe,
And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
For make as Doue, in lookes and speech they are,
Not rough and rude, (as spitefull tongues declare)
No sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
(But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefote and vncled)

No such theft
and robbrie
in Wales as in
other Coun-
tries.

Victuals good
cheape in most
part of Wales.

A great re-
buke to those
that speaks
not truly of
Wales.

Good disposi-
tion neuer
wants good
maners.

The worthines

In gifts of mynd, should haue so great regarde,
Except within, from birth some grace were byed.
It must be so, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue:
In this remaines, a secreete worke deuine,
Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good & true
Authors that
affirmes more
goodnesse in
Wales than
I write of.

In Authoꝝs old, you shall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and leaꝛned Geffrey two:
The third for troth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthe workes did doe.
What needes this profe, oꝝ genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their lines appeare:
Their stately Townes, and Castles euery where,
Of their renawme, doth daily witnesse beare.

A description of Mon- mouth Shiere.

Two Riuers
by Mōmouth,
the one called
Monnow,
and the other
Wye.

First I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a Riuer large and long:
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe thowwe,
Describe them all, oꝝ els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to wꝛiters of our daies,
That treates of world, and giues to Wales no praise:
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than yeld, right gloꝛie to that Soyle,

King Henry
the fifth.
Neere the
Towne Sir
Charles Har-
bert of Troy
dwelt in a faire
Seate called
Troy.

A King of ours, was boꝛne in Monmouth sure,
The Castle there, recoꝝds the same a right:
And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Through soꝛe decay, shewes nothing fayre to sight.
In Seate it selfe, (and well plaste Citie old)
By view ye may, a Princely plot behold:

of Wales.

God mynds they had, that first those walles did raise,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

The King here bozne, did proue a péeceles Prince;
He conquerd Fraunce, and raign'd nine péeses in hap:
There was not here, so great a Victoz since,
That had such chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a ioynt, or winne the Gole by play.

If Monmouth bying, such Princes forth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it shalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is;
A trim Shiere towne, for Noble, Barron or Knight.
A Cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where Sise is kept, and learned Lawyers rest:
Buylt auncient wise, in swéete and wholesome ayze,
Where the best sort, of people oft repayze.

Not farre from thence, a famous Castle fine,
That Ragglan d hight, stands moted almost round:
Made of freestone, vpright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged tole,
The stately Tower, that lokes oze Pond and Dole:
The Fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yéld in showe, a rare and noble sight.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose Seate is set, some part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That oze a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer swift and great,
The Mountaine bigge, about doth shade the Seate:

At Wynestow
now dwels Sir
Thomas Har-
bert, a little
from the same
Troy.

Maister Roger
Ieames dwelt
at Troy nere
this Towne.

The Earle of
Worcesters
house and
Castle.
The Earle of
Penbroke that
was created
Earle by King
Edward the 4.
buylt the Ca-
stell of Raga-
glan sumptu-
ously at the
first.
Earle of Wor-
cester Loid
hercof.
A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis
of Saint Peere
dwelles nere
that.

The worthines

Sir Charles
Sommerfet at
the Grange
doth dwell
now.

The craggie Rocks, that oze the Towne doth lye,
Of foze farre of, doth hinder biewe of eye.

Sir William
Morgan that
is dead dwelt
at Pennycoyd.

The common Port, and Hauen is so good,
It merits praise, because Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, about the Bridge abide.

Harbet of Col
broke buyed
there.

Beyond the same, doth Tyncterne Abbey stand,
As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right worthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not gote.

Chepstow.

In the Castle
there is an an-
cient tower
called Longis
tower, wherby
rests a tale to
be considered
of.

To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)

Of this Earle
is a great and
worthie tale to
be heard

A long time since, the Lord and Maister was
(In princely sort) of Castle and of Towne.

A peece of a
petigree.

Earle Strong-
bowe was ma-
ried to the
King of Lyn-
sters Daughter
in Ireland, and
this Strong-
bowe wan by
force of armes
the Earledoms
of Wollster &
Tyroll.

Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norfolke Duke, a worthie knowne full well:
Who sold the samet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

His eldest Sonne, that did succede his place,
(Of Huntyngton: and Penbrooke Earle likewise)

Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And she was matcht, with posnye and solempne guise,

To Somerset, that was Lord Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry seuenths raigne:

Of him doth come, Earle Worster liuing now,
Who buildeth by, the house of Ragglan throue.

A Creation of an Earle.

Edward by the grace of God, King most imperiall,
Of France, & England, & the Lord of Ireland therewithall,
To Archbishops, & Bishops all, to Abbotes and to Priors
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the Shires,

To

of Wales.

To Iustices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
To Bayliesses, & my lichefolke all, haue herewith greeting sent.
Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
To yeeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great desarte:
Who of himselfe, his Royall house, and of the publique state,
Haue well deseru'd, their vertues rare euer to remunerate:
And to adorne with high reward, such vertue clere and bright,
Stirs others by to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
We following on the famous course, y former Kings haue run,
That wortheie & approued wight, whose deedes most nobly dun,
Haue greatest things of vs deseru'd, we do intend to raise,
To fame and honours highest type, with gifts of Princely praise,
That trueiy regall are we meane, that valiant wortheie Knight,
That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
Whose seruice whē we first did raigne, we did most faichful find,
When for our royal right we fought, which stil we call to mind:
To which we ad from then till now, continuall seruices,
Which many were whereof each one, to vs most pleasing is.
And chiefly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
A wortheie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glozie rare:
When as that Rebell and our foe, euen Iasper Tudys sonne,
who said he Earle of Penbroke was, did westwales coast ozerū.
And there by subtile shifts and force, did diuers sondrie waies
Anoy our State, and therewithall a yle Sedition raise.
But there he gaue to him a fiede, and with a valiant hand
Ozethrew him and his forces all, that on his part did stand.
And marching all along those Coasts, y most he flew out right,
The rest he brake and so disperst, they gaue themselues to flight.
Our Castle then of Hardelach, that from our first daies raigne,
A refuge for all Rebels did, against vs still remaine:
A Fort of wonderous force, besiege about did he,
And toke it, where in most mens mynds, it could not taken be.
He wan it & did make them yeeld, who there their lastie sought,
And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
These therefore his most wortheie Acts, we calling into minde,
His seruices and great desarts, which we praise wortheie finde:

And

The worthines

And for that cause we willing him, with honors royally
For to adorne, decke, and aduaunce, and to sublime on hye,
The eight day of September, in the eight yere of our Raigne,
We by this Charter, that for ours shall firme for euer remaine
Of speciall grace and knowledge sure, sound and determinate,
And motiō māre him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
Erect, preferre, and vnto him the Title stile and state,
And name thereof and dignitie, for euer appropriate,
As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
All honors and preheminance, that state perteyne vnto:
With which estate, stile, honoz, great, and worthie dignitie,
By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors
verses in the
honor of no-
ble mynde.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
The seruice such, as merites noble fame:
The forme thereof, in verse I doe repeate,
And shewe likewise, the Lattin of the same.
He seru'd a King, that could him well reward,
And of his house, and race toke great regard,
And recompens't, his manly doing right,
With honoz due, to such a noble Knight.

Good men are
made of, and
bad men re-
buked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
For to preserue, the Prince and publike state:
There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
As guerdon sent, by destinye and god fate.
No Soueraine can, forget a Subiects troeth,
With whose good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
Great gifts and place, great glozie and renowne,
They get and gayne, that truly serues a Crowne.

Sir William
Harbert of
Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
Though Lordship, land, and Ragglands stately towers,
A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
Haue thee bereft, yet bearest his fruits and flowers:

of Wales.

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thynne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deuynne:
Oze Seas and Lands, these moue thee paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy swæte Soueraines sake.

Here followeth the Creation of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglię & Fraunciz & Dominus Hibernię, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatib^o, Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iusticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepositis, Ministris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus suis, salutē. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus censeamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas personas, cōgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate profsequi: denique & iuxta eximias probitates, easdem magnificentius ornare & decorare, quatenus in personis huiuscemodi congestis clarissimis virtutum premijs ceteri, socordia ignauiaque sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quęque facinora laude & gloria concitentur: Nos ne à maiorum nrō laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri esse officij putamus probatissimū nobis virum qui ob res ab se clarissimē gestas quām maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorū fastigijs attollere & verē regijs insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem loquimur militē Willūm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctū, cuius in regni nostri primordijs obsequia gratissimum nobis multipliciter impensa cum nrō pro iure decertaretur, satis ambiguē obliuisci non possumus accessere & de post in hoc vsque temporis continuata seruitia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, presertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iam pridē cū Rebellis, hostisque nostri Iasper Owini Tedur filliū, nuper Pembrochię se Comitem dicens, Walliā partes per-

C

uaderet,

The worthines

uaderet, multa que arte ad contra nos & statum nostrum uilem populo seditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, societatis sibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electissimis uiris fidelibus nostris arma cepit, configendi copiam hostibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruasus ab ipsis partes peruagatus est & nusquam eis locum permiserit quo nõ eos complicesque affligauerit, vires eorũdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, seu desperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Castrum nostrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni nostri contrarium, quo vnicum miseris patebat refugium, obsidione vallabat, quod capi impossibile ferebatur, cepit, inclusos que ad deditiõnem compulit, adiacentem quoq; primam omnem nostram Regiæ Maiestati rebellem hætenus ad summam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque sua laudabilia obsequia, promeritaque memoriter & vt decet intimè recolentes volentesque proinde eundem Willũm condignis honoribus, regalibũsque præmijs ornare amplificare & sublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni nostri octauo, per Chartam nostram de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostris ipsum Willũm in Comitẽm Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomẽ, statum, stylum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & singulis præeminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuscunq; huius statui Comitis pertinentibus, siue congruis dederimus & concesserimus, ipsumq; huiusmodi statu, stilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij insigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was set downe, for causes more then one,
The world belieues, no more than it hath seene:
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blind people say, it is not so we weene.
It is a tale, deuilsoe to please the eare,
Done for delight, of toys then troth may beate:
But those that thinks, this may a fable be,
To Authoꝝ good, I send them here from me.

of Wales.

First let them search, Records as I haue done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true:
And all the rest, befoze I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no wryters nue,
The oldest sort, and soundest men of skill
Myne Authozs are, now reade their names who will:
Their workes, their words, and so their learning throughe,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I wryte of now.

BEcause many that fauoured not Wales (parciall wryters and
hystozians) haue wrytten & set downe their owne opinions, as
they pleased to publish of that Countrey: I therefore a little de-
gresse from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch somewhat
the workes and wordes of them that rashly haue wrytten moze
then they knewe, or well could proue.

As learned men, hath wrote graue workes of poze,
So great regard, to natiue Soyle they had:
Foz such respect, I blame now Pollydore:
Because of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
If Buckanan, the Scottish Poet late
Were here in spyte, of Brittons to debate:
He should finde men, that would with him dispute,
And many a pen, which would his workes confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer striue,
(Though sondrie workes, of theirs were little worth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene aliue,
Than sowe such seedes, as brings no goodnesse forth:
Their praise is small, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but brawles, their bable bawd and bare,
That in disdaine, of fables wryters are.

What fable moze, then say they knowe that thing
They neuer sawe, and so giue iudgement streight:

The worthines

And by their bookes, the world in erroꝝ bring,
That thinks it readeꝝ, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told:
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold:
Nor all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrote
Are not alowd, foꝝ troth in euery state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthe Prince,
And conquerd much, of Wales and England both:
The writers than, and other Authoꝝ since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some foꝝ a fee, and some did humoꝝ seede,
When soꝛe was healde, to make a wound to bleede:
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body thꝛowe, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were carꝛed cleane, away from wisdomes loꝛe:
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present oꝝ befoꝛe:
Nor car'd not much, foꝝ future tyme to come,
They rould by tyme, like thꝛæde about the thome:
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Such rotten stufte, vnto the garment went.

Which stufte patcht by, a pæce of homely ware,
In Printers shop, set out to sale sometyme:
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, foꝝ prose noꝝ pleatant ryme:
But past like that, and old wiues tales full vayne,
That thunders long, but neuer brings foꝛth rayne:
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with bꝛute of bugges and toyes.

But aged sires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble farst with Iyes:

This

of Wales.

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authors true, and writers graue and wise.
Whose pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whose great charge, and labour witness beares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some writer in their daies
For to aduance, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great praise,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Livi among, the Romaines wrote right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to enrich:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Soyles, and yeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wrote, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, no man nor matter then)
Yet writer sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were neuer seene,
And men may write, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerwaine,
And speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that through each water sailes,
A Pilot good, in his owne Compasse sailes:
A writer that, belieues in worlds report,
May roue to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne cleere of light,
That searcheth through, the dim and darkest place:

The worthines

The gladsome eye, giues all the bodie light,
 It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
 But where no face, noz iudging eye doth come,
 The sence is blynd, the spirit is deasse and dome:
 For wit can not, conceiue till sight send in
 Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
 Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers wryte amiss:
 If straungers do, our natiue people hate,
 Our Countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
 Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
 Or fauour those, that we for straungers knowe:
 Then straungely reade, the bookes that straungers make,
 For feare ye shroude, in bosome stingeing Snake.

*Po. l. lorus Vir-
 gilus* spake all
 of his owne
 nations praise,
 and sawe but
 little of Brit-
 taine, nor lo-
 ued the same.

The straungers still, in auncient tyme that wryte,
 Exalt themselues, and keepes vs vnder foote:
 As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
 So beare they rust, and canker at the roote
 Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
 Their cunning can, with craft so cloke a troeth,
 That hardly we, shall haue them in the winde,
 To smell them forth, or yet their finenesse finde.

*Venerable
 Bede,* a noble
 writer.

Gilbert, a pas-
 sing Poet of
 Brittain.

Of force then must, you credite our owne men,
 (Whose vertues works, a glozious garland gaynes)
 Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen:
 And who did wryte, with such sweete flowing baynes,
 That Honey seem'd, to drop from Poets quill:
 I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
 Our Countrey breeds, as faithfull men as those,
 As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Sibilla, a de-
 uine Prophe-
 tar & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among vs best:
 For each man frounes, when fabling toyes they heare,

And

of Wales.

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jest,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toys appeare:
Yet Arthurs raigue, the world cannot denye,
Such p[ro]ofe there is, the troth thereof to trye:
That who so speakes, against so graue a thing,
Shall blush to blot, the fame of such a King.

Merlinus Ambrosius, a man of hys knowledge & spirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great or small,
And then blurre out, the course of present tyme:
Cast one age downe, and so doe o[th]er how all,
And burne the bookes, of printed p[ro]se or ryme:
Who shall belæue, he rules or she doth raigue
In tyme to come, if writers lose their paine:
The pen records, tyme past and present both,
Skill brings forth bookes, and bookes is nurie to troth.

Now follows the Castles and Townes neere Oske, and there aboutes.

A Pretie Towne, calde Oske neere Ragglan stands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the selfesame name:
His Christfall streames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Fresh water swæte, this godly Riuer yeelds,
And when it swels; it spreds o[er] all the f[ie]lds:
Great stoze of fish, is caught within this flood,
That doth in deede, both Towne and Countrey good.

A description of Oske.

A thing to note; when Sammon failes in Wye,
(And season there: goes out as order is)
Chan still of course, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good Fish, in Oske you shall not mis.
And this seemes straunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In some one place, are Sammons all the yeere:

Two Riuers nere together of severall natures, shewes a strange thing.

The worthines

So fresh, so swaete, so red, so crimp withall,
As man might say, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children, (as some affirme), and King Richard the thid, were borne here.

A Castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene bozns
It stands full oze, a godly pleasant plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to tozne,
(With wethers blast, and tyne that weares all out)
And yet it hath, a fayre prospect about:
Crim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers side,
With Bridge well built, the force of flood to bide.

Castle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Castle is almost cleane downe.

Upon the side, of wooddie hill full fayre,
This Castle stands, full soze decayde and broke:
Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayre,
Full nere great Woods, and many a mightie Oke.
But sith it weares, and walles so wastes away,
In praise thereof, I mynd not much to say:
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten house, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancaster, these three Castles are, but not in good plight any way.

Thre Castles fayre, are in a godly ground,
Grosmont is one, on Hill it builded was:
Skenfretch the next, in Talley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
Whit Castle is, the third of worthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
A stately Seate, a loftie princely place,
Whose beautie giues, the simple Soyles some grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Castell is in Maister Roger Wilyams hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby stands, a Castle once of state:
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
As good an ayre, as there abouts is found:

of Wales.

It seemes to sight, the Senate was platt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thee hath bene, King Arthurs golden Pall:
In thee the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

Come learned Ioye with Iostrie style,
and leade the'se lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyple
to me the Muses nyne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledge wher on worlde doth gaze,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is kept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enowe,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdaine.
No friend for auncient pæres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

A description
of Carleon.

Maister Mor-
gan of Lan-
ternam in a
sayre house
dwelles two
mile from
Carleon.

A plaine and
true rehearfall
of matter of
great antiqui-
tic.

A sayre Foun-
taine now be-
gun.
A free Schoole
now erected
by Maister
Morgan of
Lanternam.

A gird to the
flatterers and
fauners of pre-
sent tyme.

A house of re-
formatiõ new-
ly begun like-
wife.

The Bishop of
Lancliffe still
lying in the
Towne.

The worthines

We praise and
extoll strange
Nations, and
forget or abase
our owne
Countries.

The fame of Troy is knotane each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theebes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne:
What then I pray you shall we do,
To praise Carleon Towne.

In Arons
the Martyrs
Church King
Arthur was
crowned.

King Arthur sure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate:
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honoz greate.

Three Arch-
bishops, Yorke
London, and
Carleo, crow-
ning King Ar-
thur.

An Archbishop that Dubrick hight,
Did crowne this King in deede:
Foure Kings before him boze in sight,
Foure golden Swazds we reede.

Arthur was
greit, that co-
manded such
solemnitie.

These Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due:
Repayd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearse to you.

The true Au-
thors are in the
beginning of
this booke for
prose of this.

How many Dukes, and Earles withall,
God Authozs can you tell:
And so true writers shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Acts he did,
What Conquest he obtaynd:
And in what Princely honoz still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another no-
ble solemniti-
e at a Coro-
nation.

Quene Gueneuer was crown'd likewise,
In Iulius Church they say:

of Wales.

Where that fower Quēnes in solemne guise,
(In royall rich aray).

Foure Pigeons white, boze in their hands
Besoze the Princesse face:
In signe the Quēne of Brittain Lands,
Was worthe of that grace.

Carleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight:
As may be prou'd by sondrie things,
That I haue seene in sight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great:
It shewes it self this day throughtout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there wherecat he late:
As yet a plot of goodly ground,
Sets forth that rare estate,

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both:
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To trye this tale a troth.

There are such Clautes and hollowe Caues,
Such walles and Comits daepe:
Made all like pypes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may craepe.

Such strectes and pauements sondrie waies,
To euery market Townc:

In Iustus
Church the
Martyr the
Queene was
crowned.
An honor rare
and great yet
feldome seene.

A deepe and
large round
peece of ground
shewes yet
where Arthurs
late.

A Church on
a hil a mile of.
Saint Gillyans
is a faire house
where Sir Wil-
liam Harbert
dwelles.

Wonderfull
huge and long
pauements.

The worthines

Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renoune.

The notablest
seate to behold
being on the
top that may
be seene.

As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note:
There is a Castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Castle al-
most downe.

It stands byon a forced Hill,
Not farre from flowing flood:
Where loe ye view long Vales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing
water may easi-
ly be brought
about both
Towne and
Castle.

A Seate for any King aliue,
The Soyle it is so sweete:
Fresh springs doth streames of water byue,
Almost through euery streete.

A great beau-
tie of grounds,
waters, groues,
& other plea-
sures for the
eye to be seene
from the old
Castle of Car-
leon.

From Castle all these things are frame,
as pleasures of the eye:
The goodly Groues and Vallies greene,
and wooddie Mountaines hye.
The crooked Creekes and pretie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine;
The flowing Tydes that spreads the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.

I haue seene
Caues vnder
ground (at this
day) that goe I
knowe not
how farre, all
made of excel-
lent work, and
goodly great
stones both o-
uer head and
vnder foote, &

The stately Woods that like a hoop,
doth compasse all the Vale:
The Princely plots that stands in trope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Rivers that doth daily runne,
as cleare as Christfall stone:
Shewes that most pleasures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.
Great ruth to see so braue a Soyle,
Fall in so soze decay;

of Wales.

In sorow we sit, full nere the soyle,
As Fortune fled away.

And woold forsooke to knowledge those,
That earth hath bene so greate:
Where Kings and graue Philosophers,
Hade once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæsars daies It trowe:
And Arthur holding residence there,
(As stoies plainly showe).

Not only Kings and noble Pæres,
Repayde vnto that place:
But learned men full many pæres,
Recei'd therein their grace.

Than you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke surcease:
When profe is brought befoze your eyes,
Ye ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And ioye his wonted fame:
And let each wise and worzhie wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Would God the hute thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne:
And she that sits in reagall Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs rase and lyne)
Would marke these matters throue:

dose and fine
round about
the whole
Cauc.

The name so
mightie ar-
gues it was a
mightie and
noble towne.

Two hundred
Philosophers
were nori-
shed in Car-
leon.

Yeeld right as
well to our el-
ders daies, as
to our present
age.

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And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Archurs praise,
Hath past for plainnesse sake:
In honoz of our elders daies,
That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each god tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent *from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coro- nation of King Arthur.*

Not vnwilling to delate and make large the matter now
written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur
is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men
of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in
good Authozs) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that
merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine,
and with some paines and studie to present the world with in ge-
nerall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and
vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sorte
(as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Prin-
ces of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaignes, or
manasing and force of any forraine foe whatsoeuer. And for the
amending of my tale, let our Soueraigne Ladie be well conde-
red of, (whose graces passeth my pen to shewe) and you shall see
great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about
and brought to good passe, in the action afoze named: which be-
commerh well a Quene of that race, who is descended of so no-
ble a progeinie. But now purposing orderly to procede to the
former

of Wales.

Somer discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue set doune some such Letters and Orations, as peradventure wil make you to maruell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeld me thanks for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to giue him any occasion to sit idle, and so forget the vse of pen. There followeth hereafter those things before mentioned, which I hope the Readers will iudge with aduise-ment, and construe to the best intent and meaning. For this matter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like manner declares with what pride and pomp the Romains sent hether (at the very instant of this great triumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and presently without further delay, gaue so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the Embassadors of Rome, that they were so beyed and abashed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further reply: as followes by matter presently here, if you please thoroughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this Embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and solemnitie thereof: *The Embassage, and proude message of the*
Romaines: And the whole resolution of
King Arthur therein, is first set
forth here in English.

THE appoynted tyme of the solemnitie approaching, and all being readie assembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Archbishops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon the Archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with royall

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royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (because the Court then lay within his Diocesse, furnished himselfe accordingly to perfourme and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedral Church of that Metropolitall See. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbishops support him. And sower Kings, to wit, Angusell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornwall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carping iiii. golden Swords. The companies also and concourse of sondrie sorts of officers, played afoze him most melodious & heauenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Quene was brought to the Church of professed Nunnes, being conducted and accompanied with Archbishops and Bishops, with her Armes and titles royally garnished. And the Quenes, being wiues vnto the sower Kings aforesayd, carped before her (as the order and custome was) sower white Doves or Pigeons.

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For behold, twelue discreete personages of reuerend countenance came to the King in stately maner, carping in their right hands in token and signe of Ambassage, Oliue boughes. And after they had saluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters contayning this effect.

¶ The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine.*

Lucius Gouverner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserued. I haue exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I say) and in considering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou hast offered to Rome: and that thou, no better aduising thy self, refuselt to acknowledge her. Neither hast thou any care speedelie to redresse thyme oversight, thus by vniust dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom
thou

of Wales.

thou art not ignorant, that the whole world oweth homage and service. For the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæsar, and other worthy Romaines long and many yeeres enjoyed the same, thou to the contempt of such an honorable Estate, hast presumed to detaine and keepe backe. Thou hast also taken from them Gallia: thou hast wonne from them, the Provinces of Savoy and Dauphinie: thou hast gotten the possession of all the Ilands of the Ocean: the Kings whereof (so long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Ancestors. Sith therefore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and restitution at thy hands for these thy so great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middelt of August the next yeere; there to answer unto thy Lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by iustice shall lay vpon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will inuade thy Countries, and whatsoeuer thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assay to recover and to them restore.

Allobroges

¶ Cadour the Duke of Cornewall

his Oration to the King.

I haue hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to sloth and cowardise; and lose that honorable reputation of Cheualtrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accounted to surmount all other Nations. For where the vse of Armes is not esteemed, but in steede thereof, Dyring, Carding, dallyng with women and other vayne delites frequented, it cannot chuse, but there cowardise and fluggardie must needs dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valaunce, and fame. There bee now almost fīue yeeres passed, since we hauing lacked Martiall exercise, have effeminately bene nurzeled in these foresayd delites. God therefore not willing to see vs any longer marred and stayned with fluggardie,

C

hath

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hath stirred by the Romaines, that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour vnto the former state and dignitie. Whise hee vsed these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that euery person was set and placed; Arthur vsed this speech vnto them.

The Oration of Arthur to his Lords and people.

My fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduersitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I haue heretofore both in your sound counsels, and in exployting militare seruices had good tryall and experience of: listen now and attend vnto me your aduise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wisely aforehand deliberated and carefully foreseene, when it commeth to the piuch, it is more easilie auoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeate and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cause greatly to feare him, sith vpon an vreasonable cause he seeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he allegeth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was payd to Iulius Caesar and others: his Successors; which being inuited and called hether through the discorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arrived here in Britaine with numbers of armed Solojourns: and with force and vpolence, brought vnder their subiection, this our Countrey, miserably tossed with ciuile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they haue since taken and vniustly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and vpolence, is iustly possessed by him that offered the vpolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is vreasonable,

ble,

of VVales.

ble, whereby he demeth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therefore he thus prelineth to demaund of vs that which is vniust: let vs by the same reason, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason, why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, because Caesar and other Romaine Princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my Predecessors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, toke Allobroges by force that Citie, and long while possessed it, hanging up in the middest of their chiefe Market place and high streate, twentie of the chiefest Nobles among them. Constantine also the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere Cosens, and either of them successiuelly, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Emppre. What thinke ye now: Judge you that the Romaines haue any reason or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands: As touching Fraunce or other collateral Islands of the Ocean, it needeth no answere, sith they refused to defend them, when we forcibly toke them out of their cloutches & iurisdiction.

The answere of Howell King of little Britaine.

Though euery one of you should neuer so diligently consider: and debate with himselfe neuer so aduisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possible deuise any better counsell then this, which thy most graue wisdom hath now remembered. Thy eloquent and Cullie like aduise therefore, hath furnished vs with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commend in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefite of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason a-

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fore alledged, I doubt not, but wee should winne tryumph, if wee doe but defend our libertie, and iustly demaund of our enemies, that, which they haue vniustly begun to demaunde of vs. For whosocuer goeth about to defeate or dispossesse an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthy and deseruedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from vs, that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the conflict that al true hearted Britaines so long haue wished for: Behold these be the Prophecies of Sybilla now fulfilled, which so plainly and truely foretolde, that of the third stock of the Britaines there should one be borne, that should obtaine and possesse the Romaine Emppire. Now, for two of these, the Prophecies bee already fulfilled: sithence it is manifest (as thou hast already declared) that those two most noble and excellent Princes Belinus and Constantine, ouercame, and gaue the Armes of the Romaine Emppire. And now haue we you, being the third, vnto whom such high exployt and honour is promised. Make haste therefore to receiue that which God is ready to bestowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing should be subdued. Hasten to aduance all vs, that are here ready for thyne aduancement & honour, neither to refuse wounds, nor to lose life and limme. And for thy better atchieving hereof, I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed Souldiours.

Sybilla her
prophecies
touching the
Britaines.

An exhortatio
of Howell.

ANgusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his Oration, began to declare his liking and opinion of the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord utter his mynd, touching this case, I haue conceiued such inward ioye as I am not able here afore you to expresse. For, in all our victorious Conquests already passed, and in so many Kings and Regions as wee haue subdued, wee may well seeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines

of Wales.

and Germanes still to remaine, and doe not manfully wrecke
upon them, those bloodie slaughters, which heretofore they inflicted
upon our Ancestors and Countreyment. And now such wee
haue occasion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force
of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirst to see
that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirst, euen as if
I had bene drie and kept three daies, thirtie, from a Fountaine
of water. Oh that I might see that day; how swete and pleasant
should those wounds be, that I should either giue or take, when
we coape together; yea, death it self shall be swete and welcome,
so that I may suffer the same in reuenging our fathers, in defend-
ing our libertie, and in aduancing our King. Let vs therefore
giue the charge and oncet vpon yonder effeminate and ineycockie
people, and let vs stand to our tackle like men: that after we haue
banquished them, we may enioye their honoꝛs and offices with
sopfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie
with two thousand Hozslemen well appoynted and armed, beside
Footemen.

The sentence
and resolution
of the King of
Albania.

FINIS.

Here followeth the Latin of the English
going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio solemnitate
instante Archipræsules Londinensis Eboracensis:
necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiscopus Dubricius
ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthurum diademate re-
gali coronarent Dubricius ergo quoniam in sua duceſſi cu-
ria tenebatur: paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam sus-
cepit. Rege tandem insignito ad templum metropolitanæ
sedis ornate conducitur: à dextro & à leuolatero duo Archi-
pontifices ipsum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz. Angu-
selus rex Albanie, Caduallus Venedociae rex, Cador rex Cor-
nubiæ, & Sater rex Demetiae: quatuor aureos gladios ante
ipsum ferentes praebant. Conuentus quoque multimodo-
cum ordinatorum miris modulationibus praecinebat. Ex a-
lia parte reginam suis insignibus laureatam Archipræsules

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atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum condūcebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferbant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus ramos oliuæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur : & eo salutato literas ipsi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

*Lucij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum
Britonum regem epistola.*

Lucius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britaniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tyrannidis protervia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugas : nec animaduertere festines quid sit iniustus actibus senatum offendisse : cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Etenim tributum Britannæ quod tibi senatus reddere præceperat : quia Caius Iulius ceteriq; romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt : neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam : eripuisti Allobrogum prouinciã : eripuisti omnes oceani insulas : quarum reges dum romana potestas in illis partibus perualuit, vectigal maioribus nostris reddiderunt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis senatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantē Augustum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romani te venire iubeo : vt dominis tuis satisfaciens sententie quam eorum dictatori iusticia acquiescas. Sin aliter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vesania tua reipublicæ eripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs restituere conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

Hucusq; in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignauos faceret, famamque militiæ qua

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qua ceteris gentibus clariores censentur in eis omnino dederet. Quippe ubi vsus armorum videtur abesse, alearum vero & mulierum inflammationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adesse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignauia commaculet. Fere namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delictijs dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur vt nos segnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit vt in pristinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs similia, illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia vbi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

Consocij (inquit) aduersitatis & prosperitatis: quorum probitatis hæcenus, & in dandis cõsilijs, & in militijs agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc vnanimiter sensus vestros, & sapienter prouidete quæ super talibus mandatis nobis esse agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim à sapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus quibus modis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Julio Cæsari ceterisque successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorum Britonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britanniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantem suæ potestati vi, & violentia submiserunt: Quia vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuste ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi vt violentia acquiritur iuste ab ipso possidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos iure sibi tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniustum

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est à nobis præsumit exigere : consimili ratione petamus ab isto tributum Romæ : & qui fortior superuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit . Nam si quia Cæsar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim subiugauerunt vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit : Similiter nunc ego censeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet : quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt . Belinus etenim ille Britonum ferenissimus rex vsus auxilio fratris sui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum : suspensis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis : urbem ceperunt, captamque multis temporibus possederunt . Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter post alterum diademate Britannicæ insignitus : thronum Romani imperij adeptus est . Censetis ne ergo vectigal romanis petendum ? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus insulis oceani non est respondendum : cum illas diffugerent quando easdem potestati eorum subtrahebamus .

Hoeli regis minoris Britannicæ, responsio.

Licet vnusquisque vestrum totus in se reuersus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non existimo eum præstantius consiliū posse inuenire quam istud quod modo discretio solertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit . Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita . Vnde constantis viri affectum : sapientis animi effectum optimi consilij profectum laudare indefinenter debemus . Nam si iuxta prædictā rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur : dum libertatem nostrā tueamur dum iuste ab inimicis nostris exigamus quod à nobis iniuste petere incæperunt . Quicumque enim sua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ sua sunt per eum quem impetit amittit . Quia ergo Romani nostra nobis demere affectant : sua illis procul dubio : auferemus si autoritas nobis congregiendi præstabitur

of Wales.

bitur . En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus . En *Vaticinia Sibyllæ de Britonibus.*
vaticinia sibyllæ quæ veris angurijs testantur: ex Britannico
genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū.
De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula: cum manifestum
sit præclaros vt dixisti principes Belinum atque Constanti-
num imperij Romani gessisse insignia & imperia . Nunc ve-
rò te tertium habemus, cui tātum culmen honoris promit-
titur . Festina ergo recipere : quod deus non differt largiri.
Festina subingere quod vltro vult subinari. Festina nos om- *Exhortatio Hoeli.*
nes exaltare qui vt exalteris nec vulnera recipere: nec vitam
amittere diffugiamus . Vt autem hæc perficias decem milli-
bus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor.,.

Anguselus Albanæ rex: vt Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat:
quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare
perrexit. Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conieci:
eanta lætitia animo meo illapsa est : quantam nequeo in ve-
stra presentia exprimere. Nihil enim in transactis debellati-
onibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur: *Sententia regis Albanæ.*
si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant: nec in illos clades
quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus . Ac
nunc quoniam licentia congregandi permittitur gaudens
admodū gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conueniamus æstuans
sitio cruorem illorum quemadmodū fontem si triduo pro-
hiberer . O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera
quæ vel recipiam vel inferam: quando dextras conferemus.
Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit : dum eam in vindicando patres
nostros: in tuendo libertatem nostram: in exaltando regem
nostrum perpeffus fuero. Aggrediamur ergo semiuiros illos
& aggrediendo perstemus vt deuictis ipsis eorum honoribus
cum læta potiamur victoria. Exercitum autem nostrum duo-
bus milibus armatorū equitum exceptis peditibus angebo.

FINIS.

Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and offer now
to daunt the pride of the Romish practises.

F

The

The worthines
The true Authors of this
whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Ascenciu.
Merlinus Ambrosius.
Gualterus Monemotensis.
Giraldus Cambrensis.
Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
Jeffrey of Monmouth.
Gildas Cambrius, a Poet of Britaine.
Sibilla.

Analles sue
gentes.

Two Brethren that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Car-
leon, in whose names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Episcopus Landaph.

Saint Augustine could not make the Britaines be obedient
to the Archbishop of Canterburie, but yet they onely submitted
themselues to the Archbishop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme
that was King of Kent.

A Hill most
notable neere
Carleō a myle
frō the townc.

NOw must I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A Fort and strength, that stands beyond this Towne:
On which you shall, behold the noblest showe,
(Looke round about, and so looke rightely downe)
That euer yet, I sawe or man may view:
Upon that Hill, there shall appeare to you,
Of seauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
Where Hill it selfe, is sure a warlike Seate.

Ten thousand men, may lodge them there vnseene,
In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortresse well:
And yet amid, the Fort a goodly grēne,
Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

of Wales.

In fyfte of world, if Soldiours victuall haue.
The Hill so stands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Or man or beast, but once stirre by the head
A Bowe about, with Haft shall strike it dead.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and scope,
It seemes it ston, farre off for Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope:
Or els in deede, the Duke of Gloster sence
(That did destroy, both Towne and all therein)
To serue his turne, this Fortresse did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the same,
Tombarlowm stands, a Mountaine of some fame.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full sayre to viewe:
Which Seate doth stand, for profite more then strength,
A right strong Bridge, is there of Timber newe:
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Castle wall:
Nere Church likewise, a Mount behold you shall,
Where Sea and Land, to sight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of siue sayre Shæres.

As byward hie, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull fort:
So downward loe, is many a Marchants shop,
And many sayle, to Bristowe from that Port.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the Castle hard to win:
Which yet shewes sayre, and is repayd a parte,
As things decayd, must needes be helpt by arte.

A godly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
BUILT as a watch, or fastie for the Soyle,
By Riuer stands, from Neawport not threë myle.
This house was made, when many a bloodie boyle,

A very high
Hill of a mar-
uclous strength
which was a
strong Fort in
Arthurs daies.

Bellinus Mā-
nus made this
called Belling-
stocke.

A wonderfull
high moun-
taine with the
like maner of
defence.

The towne of
Neawport.

On a round
hill by the
Church there
is for Sea and
Land the most
princely sight
that any man
liuing at one
instant may
with perfect
eye behold.
The Towne
hath Mar-
chants in it.
A Castle is at
the end of this
Towne, and
full by the
Bridges and
Riuer.
Greenfield
Castle that
was the Duke
of Lancasters.

The worthines

Ebo;th is the
Riuers name
that runneth
here.

In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state:
Here men with sword, and shield did braules debate:
Here sattie stood, for many things in deede,
That fought sauegard, and did some sucker neede.

For Riuier,
wood, pasture
ayre, walke &
pleasure, this
place paileth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenfield it is, full gay and goodly sure:
A fine sweete Soyle, most pleasant vnto sight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,
It may be prailde, a plot sought out so well,
As though a King, should say here will I dwell:
The Pastures greene, the woods, and water clere,
Sayth any Prince may buyld a Pallace here.

A true iudge-
ment of the
commodities
in Wales if the
people there
would be la-
borous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and Cozne, and fertile ground enough:
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the Plough:
Digge out of drosse, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth:
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whose people takes great paine.

Nychill.

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmelesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble brayne and brest,
To bere the mynd, with worldly wearis waies.
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend:
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchase still,
And search out wealth, as other Nations doe:
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

of Wales.

They haue begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where sturdie Okes did stand:
Conuertes the meares, and marriſh euery where,
Whose barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

They teare by Trees, and takes the rootes away,
Makes stonie fieldes, smooth fertile fallowe ground:
Brings Pastures bare, to beare good grasse for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Shæres,
In better state, than twas these hundred yæres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knowne, the Countrey halfe so well.

Whereas at first, they sought for Cozne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the bord, they haue both Cheese and lofe,
To shewe the world, in house is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbish lost,
Saith plentie is, through Wales in euery coast:
The well wrought ground, that thousands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, sayth now there springs by gold.

I meane where weedes, and thistles long hath growne,
(Wild yrosse and docks, and stinking nettles bile)
There Barley swæte, and goodly Wheate is sowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honest labour wan:
That sweat of browes, brings in is sugred swæte,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and spære.

The people of
wales in many
places thriues
by labour day-
lie, and gets
great gayne
through til-
lage.

I haue kno-
wen many
places so bar-
raine, that they
haue sought
for come farre
off, who now
are able to liue
without helpe
of any other
Country.

The worthines

Aborgaynies Towne is walled
round about, and bath fayre
 Suburbs also.

It stands ouer
 two little Ri-
 uers, called
 Ccybbie and
 Ceyuennie, of
 which Ccyue-
 nie, A borge-
 uenie tooke
 the name.

Returne I must, to my discourse before,
 Of Borow townes, and Castles as they are:
 Aborgaynie, behind I kept in store,
 Whose Seate and Soyle, with best may well compare,
 The Towne somewhat, on steepe and mounting hill,
 With Pastoz grounds, and Meddowes great at will,
 On euery side, huge Mountaines hard and hie,
 And some thicke woods, to please the gazers eye.

The Bridge of
 stone a cleuca
 fayre arches,
 and a great
 bridge of stone
 to come drylie
 so that bridge.

The Riuer Oske, along the Tale doth passe,
 Right underneath, an auncient Bridge of stone:
 A goodly worke, when first it reared was,
 (And yet the Shiere, can shewe no such a one)
 Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not bare,
 And newe things blush, that steps not so in place,
 With suretie goe, and shewe to step on stage,
 To make newe world, to honoz former age.

Of the boun-
 tie of tyme
 past, and the
 hardnes of our
 age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Castles trim,
 Made Bridges braue, and strong for tyme to come:
 And our young daies, that doth in glozie swim,
 Holds hard in hand, that finger fast may thome,
 Loke what tyme past, made gallant fresh and fayre,
 Tyme present spoyles, or will not well repayre:
 As in this Towne, a stately Castle shoes,
 Which loe to rupnie, and wretched wracke it goes.

A fayre and
 noble Castle
 belonging to
 the auncient
 house and race
 of the hono-
 rable, the Lord
 of Aborgaynie

Most goodly Towers, are bare and naked last,
 That coured were, with timber and good lead:
 These Towers p... and, as streight as doth a shaft,
 The walles whered, might serue to some good stead.

of Wales.

For sound and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in déede, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Did stay them by, for to encrease his fame.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly Plaine,
Faيرة Rivers runne, great woods and mountaines bye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye,
Great ruth to let, so trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countries strength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to scoorne, our patched buildings newe.

The bounie
of the Castle
and Countrie.

The Shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The wortheie worke, that is so finely wrought:
The Sellers déepe, and buildings round about,
The firme Freestone, that was so deere bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any King.
Pea who so wayes, the worth of Castle yet,
With heaueie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

A goodly and
stately peece of
worke as like
to fall as be re-
payred againe.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
The same disease, hath Oske in Castle wall:
Which on inaine Rocke, was buided every way,
And now Got wot, is readie downe to fall,
A number more, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blast of winde:
The losse is theirs, that sees them ouerthrowne;
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in
the world
would pittie
the decay of
Castles in Mo-
mouth shiere.

Though Castle here, through tract of tyme is woone,
A Church remaines, that wortheie is of note:
Where wortheie men, that hath bene nobly bozne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene forget.

In this church
was a most
famous worke
in maner of a
genealogie of

And

The worthines

Kings, called
the roote of
Iesse, which
worke is de-
faced and pul-
led downe in
peeces.

And buried cleane, in grave past mynd of man,
As thousand are, forgot since world began:
Whose race was great, and who for want of Tome,
In dust doth dwell, unknowne till day of Dome.

On the right
hand in a faire
Chappell.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Enclosed in wall right well:
Crosselegged as it seemes to sight,
(Or as receyd doth tell)

Both the win-
dowe and in
other parts a-
bout him
shewes that he
was a stranger.

He was of high and princely blood,
His Armes doth shewe the same:
For thereby may be understood,
He was a man of fame.

Blewe is.

The labell
whereon are
nyne Flower-
deluces.

A shield of blacke he beares on brest,
A white Crowe plaine thereon:
A ragged fluxe in top and crest,
All wrought in goodly stone.

And vnder feete, a Greyhound lyes,
Thre golden Lyons gay,
Nine flowerdeluces there likewise,
His Armes doth full display.

On the left
hand a Lord
of Aborgany.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in sumptuous soze:
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His foze was much: for he by strength
With Bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hoznes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath vnder feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon vnder head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest gysle)

of Wales.

By first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in dæde, of charge and showe,
Amid the Chappell stands:
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with Gretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred cam,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Danie Gam,
(A Knight likewise, of right and name)
This Harbert and his fære,
Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
As plainly doth appere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuice:
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes thre ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in shield:
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in most rich field:
Behind her head is likewise there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make those famous euery where,
Whose vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that before,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes:
He was at Banbric field of yore,
And through the battaile twise:
He past with Pollax in his hands,
A manly act in dæde,
To preace among so many bands,
As you of him may reede.

Sir William
Thomas
Knight (alias)
Harbert.

Sir Danie
Gam Knight
father to this
Knights wife.

This Knight
was slaine at
Edgingcourt
field.

His Tombe is
of hard and
good Allabla-
ster.

Sir William
Thomas was
father to the
next that fol-
lowes, called
Sir Richard
Harbert of
Colbroke
Knight.

In the Chro-
nicle this is re-
heard.

The worthines

On the left
hand of the
Chappell they
lye.

She was
daughter to
Thomas ap
Griffith father
to Sir Rice ap
Thomas
Knight.

The valiant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
Here Aborgaynic towne:
Who when his fatall destinie felt,
And Fortune slong him downe,
Among his enemies lost his head,
A rufull tale to tell:
Yet buried was as I haue said,
In sumptuous Tombe full well.
His wife Dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth:
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honoz of them both)
Stands at their heads, thrée Lyons white
He giues as well he might:
Thrée Rauens blacke, in shield she giues,
As Daughter to a Knight,
A sheafe of Arrowes under head,
He hath as due to him:
Thus there these worthie couple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

On the right
hand of the
Chappell.

Now in another passing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With cost set out at large.
Two Daughters and sixe Sounes also,
Are there set nobly forth:
With other workes that makes the showe,
And Monument moze worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and childzen to,
Lyes shrouded in that Seate:
Now somewhat for that Squire I do,
Because his race was great.
He was the father of that Earle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of spzeet most rare,

The old Earle
of Penbroke
one of the pri-
uie Council.

of Wales.

And bozne to happie fate,
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe wichall,
Shewes to the lookers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auuncient race,
And bozne of noble blood:
Sith that he dyed in such a cace,
And left such wordly good,
To make a Tombe so rich and bzaue:
May further now to say,
The thre white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race bewzay:
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now:
Upon this Tombe there are
Thre Lyons and thre white Bozes heads:
The first thre are his owne.
The white Bozes heads his wife she gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon gréene:
Boze things who lists to searck with eye,
On Tombe may well be seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than:
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuice of man:
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall:
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A costly worke to see:

In the win-
dowe now he
lye.

The worthines

In which his noble Armes are thought,
 Of purpose there to bee.
 A ragged slæue and fire red Birds,
 Is portrayd in the Glasse:
 His wife hath there her left arme bare,
 It seemes her slæue it was
 That hangs about his necke full fine,
 Right oze a Purple wæde:
 A robe of that same colour too,
 The Ladie weares in dæde.
 Under his legges a Lyon red,
 His Armes are rare and ritche:
 A Harrold that could shewe them well,
 Can blase not many fitch.
 Sire Lyons white, the ground sayze blew,
 Thre Flowerdeluces gold:
 The ground of them is red of hew,
 And godly to behold.
 But note a greater matter now,
 Upon his Tombe in Stone
 Were foretæene Lords that knæes did bow,
 Unto this Lord alone.
 Of this rare worke a porch is made,
 The Barrons there remaine
 In god old stone, and auncient trade,
 To shewe all ages plaine.
 What homage was to Hastings due,
 What honour he did win:
 What Armes he gaue, and so to blaze
 What Lord had Hastings bin.

Some say this
 great Lord
 was called
 Bruce and not
 Hastings, but
 most doe hold
 opinion he
 was called Ha-
 stings.

A Ladie of A-
 borgaynic.

Right oze against this window, loe
 In stone a Ladie lyes:
 And in her hands a Hart I troe,
 She holds befoze your eyes:
 And on her breast, a great sayze shield,

of Wales.

In which she beares no more
But three great flowerdeluces large:
And euen soe, right oye
Her head another Ladie Ipes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand:
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run:
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little pretie Bum,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And toke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of
some noble
house whose
name I knowe
not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight:
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings loze:
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hie,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldoly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the moztall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these god gifts on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue:
And no god fortune from our birch,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure here,
They passe like beames of Sunne:
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis
lately Iudge in
the Amoralie

The worthines
 of An Introduction for
Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
 That wearie bones, so soone should seeke for rest:
 Shall senses sleepe, when head in house is hid,
 As though some charme, were crept in quiet best.
 And so bewitch, the wits with too much ease,
 That duls god spræte, and blunps quicke sharpe deuice:
 Which climes the Clowdes, and wades through deepest Seas,
 And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
 To clære the coast, and make the passage free
 For trau'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick conceyt, by slooth is rockt aslaÿpe,
 And fresh deuice, goes faynt for lacke of vse:
 Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
 And daylie brædes, in bodie great abuse.
 If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
 The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take:
 And when clære things, are staynd with drasse and dust,
 They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
 Wit is nought worth, in ydle braine to rest,
 Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
 Or thicke furd gowne, is all that sluggard seekes:
 But men of spræte, whose hearts do still aspire,
 Do labour long, with leane and lentten checkes,
 To trye the world, and taste both sweete and sower:
 Who much doth see, may much both speake and wyte:
 Who litle knowes, hath litle wit or power
 To winne the wise, or dwell in worlds delight.
 Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
 Shall reape with ioye, for stoÿe good Coÿne againe.

of Wales.

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flew with winde,
Fæete could not stay, the bodie mou'd so fast:
Foz euery part, thereof did answer minde,
Till aged yæeres, sayd wanton daies were pass.
If that be true, sound iudgement should be fraught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight:
Sith sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight:
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treat of tyme, and make discourse of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
Doth well become, an auncient writers pen:
If skil will serue, such secretes to debate.
If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
To talke of Townes, and Castles as they are:
And loke thou doe, no toyle noz trauaile shun,
To set forth things, that be both straunge and rare.
If age doe droope, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comest home, yet set out some swæete Soyle.

Though ioynts ware stiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where cozps must lye:
And legges be laine, and gowte cræpes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goast to crye.
When fits are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, foz that shall purchase praise:
Yea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all oze Wales, in thyne old aged daies:
Forget no place, noz Soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyme eyes, are witnesse of foz troth,
And leaue the rest, to them that after liues:

When.

The worthines

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou hast no state, noz patten here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about:
Death daylie waytes, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lists, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue some worke, in world befoze thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a wyter was.

My Muse thus sayd, and so she shanke aside,
As though some Spirit, a space had spoke to mee:
With that I had, a friend of myne espyde,
That stood farre of, behind a Lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale: but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorowe great, that from his heart did rise.
Oh friend (quoth he) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not liue, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agraed in one, to tread thee vnder foote:
Thou wast long since, slong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forsoke both bzaunch and roote,
And left weake age, as bare as barraine stocke,
Thas neither fruite, noz leaues will growe vpon:
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie shocke
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gone:
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bee.

'Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great good turnes are gote:
Els walke or ride, abroade the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.

of Wales:

Thy trauaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breeds, disease and sicknesse oft:
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No soier sub, nor nothing nips so neere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie chere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was stayd,
Sawe that I toke, in hand a iourney freight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whose Seate once throughly pent,
(With some such notes, as season serues therefore)
There all the rest, of tople should make an end,
Such aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right soie sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will haue it so.

Some man begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe, no more then God permits,
The mynd it thiukes, great things to bring to passe
But common course, so soone ozeomes the wits,
In peeres eyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and musc are prest:
And sith that Soyle, and towne shalbe the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest sort, it shalbe written out:
Yet with such words, as caries credit still,

The worthines

As other works, in world can bræde no dout:
So this small pæce, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthy Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leaue I take.

O Happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to bace,
My muse but serues in stead of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glory should vnsold, they do thy Countrie staine.
Thy worth some worthy may, set out in golden ianes,
And blaze þy same, w colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
With any now aliuie that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles fayre, so brauely stands in dede,
They should their honour much awayre, if they my verses neede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with toyes þy fancies frame.
With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renoune should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the brute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please þy words delite,
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For looke what gifts þy Gods the gaue, they toke the al frō hēce,
And left vs nought but bookes, to stare and pore vpon,
On which perchallite blind bayard lookes, whē I kil & sight is gō.
Our former age did floe, with grace and learned loze,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that striue to run before.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since þy golt was gon, & wit hath won þy game.

of Wales.

We shall haue rounge to play, and tyme and place wthall,
To looke, to reade, to wyte and say, what shall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouerweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.
Yet wyte in Countries praisse, that I cannot set out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to trauaile Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the woorks I haue begun,
I can no further thing set forth, my daies are almost durn:
As candle clere doth burne, to socket in small tyme, (pymme.
So age to earth must needes returne, when youth hath past his

Now Breakenoke shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a pæra, thou art not sure forgot:
For wytten of so much as I desire:
For sicknesse long, made bodie sath' retyre
Unto the Towne where it was bozne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe must lye my hed.
When laboys all, shall reape a grate for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled brest:
Then as I now, haue somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to wyte on mee.
Whose restlesse muse, and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde:
And who reioyst, and tooke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and wyte.

¶ The Towne and Church

of Breakenoke.

THE Towne is buillt, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all layt about with hills
You may behold a ruinous Castle there,
Somewhat defaste, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streets, through all the Towne ye haue,
Yet in the same, are sondrie houses by aue:

Maister Gams
dwells here.

The worthines

Doctor Awerbic hath a house here.

Well built wthout, yea trim and fayre within,
Wth swæte prospect, that shall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bridges good, of stone stands oze each streame:
The greatest Bridge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and tractt of tyme:
Which Bishop now, refourmes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayd in haste,
That house and Seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One stands on hill, where once a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbeyes were put downe,
But now the same, for Parrish Church doth passe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe of two I finde,
That worthe is, in brieve to bring to minde.

The auncient
house of
Gams.

Thre couple lyes, one oze the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one race and lye:
And to be plaine, two couple lyes dead,
The third likewise, as destine shall aslyne,
Shall lye on top, right oze the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeld to mortall fate.

These are in dæde, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full hauncely liue.
The eldest Sonne, and chiefeft of that race,
Doth beare in Armes, a ramping Lpon crown,

And

of Wales.

And thre Speare heads, and thre red Cockis in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found:
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and moze, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Thre fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close layt about his necke:
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right oze the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A Lyon blacke, and thre Bulles heads I troe:
Thre flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of
the Gamis.

Thre Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And thre white barres were in these Armes likewise.
Let Harolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffice.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of severall men, some other Armes to shooe.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
Their persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side:
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride,
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is before your eyes
Thre Libbarts heads, thre cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse: and further to be sayd,

The Armes of
one Waters.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fiercely made,
With taylor wound vp: these Armes thus endeth so.
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was
Reynold De-
breos.

The worthines

Of most hard wood: which wood as diuers say
No woyme can eate, nor tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harrolds thought full mæte,
In wood likewise, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Iust by the same, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and worship both,
And world him thought, both happie blest and wise,
A man that lou'd, good Iustice faith and troth.
Right oze this Tombe, of stone, to his great fame,
God store in dæde of Latin verses are,
And euery verse, set forth in such good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, for many graces good
That he possesseth, besides his birch and blood.

¶ Somewhat of some Ri- uers and Waters.

Glasbeeries
Bridge is with-
in two myle of
Porthamwel.

Maister Ro-
bert Knowles
that married
one of the
heires of the
Vaughlians
hath a fayre
house and a
Parke at Port
hamwel.

Of other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now must I write, to furnish forth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, try all shoues
There, who so list vpon the same to loke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay,
So Hartford shiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes, Thlauenny as they say
At Tawllgath mætes, so into Wyc they beare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tytarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Here Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine lye,
Which shewes so huge, it is full hard to clime:
The Mountaine seemes so monstrous to the eye,
Yet thousands doe repaire to that sometime.

of Wales.

And they that stand, right on the top shal see
A wonder great, as people doe report:
Which common brute, and saying true may bee,
But since in deede, I did not there resort,
I write no more, then world will wittnesse well:
Let them that please, of those straunge wonders tell.

What is set downe, I haue it surely seene,
As one that toyl'd and trauayld for the troth:
I will not say, such things are as I weene,
And frame a verse, as common voyces goeth.
Nor yet to please the humors of some men,
I list not stretch, nor racke my termes awy:
My muse will not so farre abuse the pen,
That writer shall gayne any blot thereby:
So he haue thanke in vsing ydle quill,
He seekes no more for paines and great good will.

¶ Ludloe Towne, Church and Castle.

THE Towne doth stand most part vpon an Hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both large and wide:
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will.
As long as there the Councell lists abide,
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
With Condit's cleere, and wholesome water springs:
And who that lists to waike the Towne about,
Shall finde therein some rare and pleasant things:
But chiefly there the apple so swete you haue,
As in no place ye can no better craue.

The Market house, where Corne and Cates are sold,
Is couered oze, and kept in finest sort:

The names of
streates there.
Castle streate.
Broad streate.
Old streate.
And the Mill
streate.
A fayre house
by the gate of
the making of
Justice Walter.

The worthines

Nere this is a
 fayre house of
 Maister Sack-
 fords which
 he, lid buyld,
 and a fayre
 hou'e that
 Maister Secre-
 tarie Foxe did
 bestowe great
 charges on, &
 a house that
 Maister Berrie
 dwelles in.
 M. Townes-
 end hath a
 fayre house at
 Saint Austins
 once a Frierie.
 The Lord Pre-
 sident Sir Har-
 rie Sidneys
 Daughter, cal-
 led Ambrosia,
 is entombed
 here in most
 brauest maner
 and great
 chargeable
 workmanship
 on the right
 hand of the
 Altar.
 On the same
 is my Lord of
 Warwicks
 Armes excel-
 lently wrought,
 and my Lord
 Presidents
 Armes and o-
 thers, are in
 like sort there
 richly set out.

From which ye shall, the Castle well behold,
 And to which walke, doe many men resort.
 On euery side thereof fayre houses are,
 That makes a shewe, to please both mynd and eye.
 The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
 There is, (wherein doth sondrie people lye)
 My pen shall touch, because the notes I finde
 Therein, deserue to be well bozne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
 In Tombe most rich, the top of fayre Touchstone:
 There was bestow'd in honour of this mayd,
 Great cost and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
 For as the Tombe, is built in sumptuous guise,
 So to the same, a closet fayre is wrought,
 Where Lords may sit in stately solemne wise,
 As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
 To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
 Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Against that Tombe, full ou the other side,
 A Knight doth lye, that Justice Townesend hight:
 His wife likewise, so sone as that she dyed,
 In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
 And trueth to tell, Danne Alice was her name,
 An Heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
 And as world sayth, a worthy vertuous Dame,
 Whose auicent Armes, in colours there doth stand:
 And many more, whose Armes I doe not knowe,
 Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrie Chappell stands,
 Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
 Bestow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto some lands,
 And helpt poore soules that in necessitie stoo.

of Wales.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely shoue:
So Hoziers hands, and head were working still:
For those he did, in det or daunger knowe,
He simpld to see, a begger at his doore:
For all his ioye, was to relieue the poore.

Another man, whose name was Cookes for troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
For to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A pyerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the poore doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Bewppy must, be nam'd good reason why,
For he bestow'd, great charge befoze he dyde,
To helpe poore men, and now his bones doth lye
Full nere the Font, vpon the formost side.
Thus in those daies, the poore was lookt vnto,
The rich was glad, to sling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the poore some good might do.
In poore mens boze, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold for one he leaues:
Or els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THE Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the vewe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lord Present made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourte of things as true,

Sir Robert
Townes-end
Knight lyes
in a maruelous
sayre Tombe
in the Queere
here, and his
wife by him,
at his feete is a
red Rowbuck,
and a word
tout en dieu.
On the left
hand Hozier
lies in the bay
die of the
Church.
On the right
hand Cookes
lies.
This man was
my mothers
father.
Bewppy was a
great rich and
vertuous man,
he made ano-
ther Chauntrie.

The Castle of
Ludloc.

Sir Harry Sid-
ney built ma-
ny things here
worthie praise
and memorie.

The worthines

There are great works, that now doth beare no name,
 Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
 To see the same: for loe in elders daies
 Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Over a Chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is S. Andrews Crosse ioyned to Prince Arthurs Armes in the hall windowe.

Prince Arthurs Armes, is there well wrought in stone,
 (A wortheie worke, that fewe or none may mend)
 This worke not such, that it may passe alone:
 For as the tyme, did alwaies people send
 To worlde, that might excéde in wit and spée:
 So sondrie sorts of works are in that Seate,
 That for so hye a stately place is méete:
 Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greate.
 Looke on my Lords, and speak your fancies throw,
 And you will praise, sayre Ludloe Castle now.

In it besides, (the works are here unnam'd)
 A Chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
 So brauely wrought, so sayre and finely fram'd,
 That to worlds end, the beautie may endure.
 About the same, are Armes in colours sitch,
 As fewe can shewe, in any Soyle or place:
 A great deuice, a worke most rare and ritche:
 Which truely shewes, the Armes, the blood and race
 Of sondrie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
 That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that folowes are Armes of Princes and Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe Castle, whose Armes are there, and so followes the rest by order as you may reade,

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Boztymer the first Earle of Warrthy an Earle of a great house matcht with Genyuile.

of Wales.

Leonell Duke of Clarence ioyned with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of March matcht with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of March.

Richard Duke of York matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Moduile of Riuers.

Henry the seuenth matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquesse of Penbrooke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents, and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bischoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Læ Bischoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Thon Aellie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

The worthines

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Herbert (after Earle of Penbrooke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Herbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Botvone Bishop of Bath and Welles Lord President.

Lord Williams of Came Lord President.

Sir Harry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbjet Knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blanks left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynan Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scoyy Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Dauies, Bishop of Saint Dauies.

Thomas Dauies, Bishop of Saint Allaph.

Sir James Crofts Knight, Controller,

of Wales.

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester and the three Shieres of Eastwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bromley Knight, and Justice of the three Shieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncelloz of Ireland, and Justice of the three Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Fore Esquier and Secretozie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Leighton Esquier.

Richard Seborne Esquier.

Richard Bates Esquier.

Rafe Barton Esquier.

George Whetyplace Esquier.

William Leighton Esquier.

Wyles Sands Esquier.

The Armes of al these afore spoken of are gallantly and cunningly set out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearsed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord President, buyt twelve rounnes in the sayd Castle, which goodly buildings both shewe a great beautie to the same.

The great water called Teā, comes 17. mile frō a place called the Whitehall neere unto Begyldie in the County of Radnor.

The worthines

He made also a goodly Wardrope vnderneath the new Par-
lor, and repayred an old Tower, called Mortymers Tower, to
keepe the aunccient Records in the same: and he repayred a fayre
roune vnder the Court house, to the same entent and purpose,
and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a most braue
Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer
the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement
there) made and set out to the honour of the Quene, and glorie
of the Castle.

The Forrest of
Brenwood is
west from the
towne.
The Chace of
Mocktrie and
Ockley Parkes
staids not faire
from thence.

There are in a goodly or statehy place set out my Lord Earle
of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Wo-
cester, the Earle of Denbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes
in like maner: al these stand on the left hand of the Chamber. On
the other side are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales,
two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of
the Lord Pro-
sidents.

At the end of the dnyng Chamber, there is a pretie deuice
how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to
Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great graue of Iron of a huge height:
to much is wrytten only of the Castle.

The Towne of Ludloe, and many good gifts graunted to the same.

He gaue great
possessions,
large liberties,
and did incor-
porate them
with many
goodly free-
doutes.

King Edward fourth, for seruice truly done,
When Henry sixe, and he had moxtall warre:
No sooner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the Towne he did preferre.
Gauē lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth, mainteyne the Townes great charge:
Whole people now, in as great freedome are,

of Wales.

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

Two Baylieses rules, one pære the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue there in likewise:
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chalen are, by oth and auncient guise.
God lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and Justice sake:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Scholemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to sing,
And so serue God, and doe none other thing.

Threë tymes a day, in Church good Saruice is,
At sixe a clocke, at nine, and then at threë:
In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
But sondrie sorts, of people there to see.
And thirtie threë, poze persons they maintaine,
Who wèkely haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a wecke, the poze are truely payde:
Which shewes great grace, and godnesse in that Seate,
Where rich doth see, the poze shall want no meate.

An Hospitall, there hath bene long of old,
And many things, pertayning to the same:
A goodly Guylde, the Township did vphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of wortheie fame.
This Towne doth choose, two Burgesses alwaies
For Parliament, the custome still is so:
Two Fayres a pære, they haue on seuerall daies,
Three Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe:
And two great Markes, there are full nèere the Towne,
But those of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne,

That Towne
hath bin well
gouerned a
lōg while with
two Baylieses,
twelue Alder-
men, and fīue
and thirtie
Commoners,
a Recorder &
a Townclark
assistant to the
sayd Baylieses
by iudiciall
course of lawe
weekly, in as
large and am-
ple maner for
their triall be-
twene partie
and partie, as
any Cittie or
Borrowe of
England hath.

The poore
haue sweete
lodgings each
one a part to
himselſe.
An Hospitall
called S. Iones.
A Guylde that
King Edward
(by Letters
Pattents) gaue
to the Baylieses
and Burgesses
of the towne.
The Aldermē
are Iustices of
the Peace for
the time being

These

The worthines

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitche,
And world to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wise and rich
Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did rest,
Where now full oft, the President dwels a space:
It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
And neerest to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Within this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of Townes, that in Shropshire you haue,
I neede not touch, they are so througely knowne:
And further moze, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer byute be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit by here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to shoue.
So cease my mule, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

¶ An Introduction to re- member Shropshire.

How hath thy muse so long bene luld a sleepe?
What deadly drinke, hath sence in slumber brought?
Doth popson colde, through blood and bosome creepe?
Or is of spice, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
That vitall spirytes, hath lost their feeling quite?
Or is the hand, so weake it cannot write?
Come ydle man, and shewe some honest cause,
Why wryters pen, makes now so great a pause.

A device of
the Author
called Reason
threatning.

of Wales.

Full from Welshbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, most fayre and fine to beue:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is seldome seene
In many parts, if that I heare be true,
Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
And ayre is fresh, by euery Riuer's side:
But sure this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

Who hath desire, to beue both hill and vale,
Walke by old wall, of Castle rude and bare,
And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
In kindly sort, as though some Marchants ware
Were set in shop, to please the passer by:
Or els by shewe, beguyld the gazers eye:
For loke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey Fozhed yet:
A long great streete, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wisht with wit:
Where Abbey stands, and is such ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To hide all blaks, all wethers stormes and windes.

Another way, full oze Welshbridge there is,
An auncient streete, cald f Franckwell many a day:
To Ozeltri, the people passe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Castle Fozhed both,
A streete well pau'd, two feuerall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Castle stood, to beue hath subiect bin.

There is a
bridge called
Welshbridge,
which shewes
Shrewseburie
to be of Wales

The Castle
though old
and ruynate
stands most
braue and gal-
lantly.

Maister Prince
his house stads
so trim and
finely, that it
graceth all the
Soyle it is in.

Here is the
way to Meluer-
ley, to Wattels
Borrow where
Ma. Leighton
dwelles, to
Cawx Castle
Lord Staf-
fords, and to
Maister Wil-
liams house.

The worthines

Aldermen in
Scarlet orderly
in Shrewsbu-
rie, and two
Baylieses as
richly set-out
as any Mayor
of some great
Cities.

But now doth hold, their freedome of the Prince,
And as is found, in Records true vnfaund,
This trim shiere towne, was buyt a great while since:
Whose priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd,
Two Baylieses there, doth rule as course doth fall,
In state like Paioz, and orders good wichall:
Each officer due, that fits for stately place,
Each yere they haue, to yald the rounge moze grace.

Great & costly
banqueting
in Christmas
and at all Ses-
sions & Sices.

On sollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe,
God house they keepe, as cause doth serue therefoze:
But Christmas feasts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London sere, whose state is farre much moze.
That Cities charge, makes straungers blush to see,
So princely still, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Torch beyond the best,
This Lanterne light, may shine among the rest.

A matter of
trafficke to be
noted and cō-
sidered of.

This Towne with moze, fit members for the head,
Dakes London rich, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, for Clothes and markes of lead,
And for Welch ware, exchaungerh English pence.

London com-
pared to the
flowing Sea.

A fountaine head, that many Conditis serue,
Keepes moyst dye Springs, and doth it selfe preserue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May spare some shewes, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great
must main-
taine the smal.

So London must, like mother to the Reaume,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue sucke and pay:
Small Brookes swelles vp, by force of mightie streame,
As little things, from greatest gaynes good hap.
If Shrewsbrie thriue, and last in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of worldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate stands well,
Great health they haue, in such swete Sopies that dwell.

Thus

of Wales.

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in dæde,
Or els at least, the martches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no næede,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A goodly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient gypse:
Where Kings and Quænes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleasde, that good Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is set
out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lync,
So sondrie Townes, in Shropshiere doe for troth:
As Ozestry, a prettie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likt and prayesd both.
It stands so trim, and is maintaynd so cleane,
And pepled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserues, to be enrould and thynd
In each good brest, and euery manly mynd.

Ozestry and
Bishops Ca-
stle doth fronte
in Wales.

The Market there, so farre excædes withall,
As no one Towne, comes næere it in some sort:
For loke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, Fowle, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can affoord,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable
market a mer-
uelous matter.

They hacke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
More folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and unshod,
With song in Welsh, or els in prayling God:
O swæte content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes
makes fewe
words in bar-
gaining.

The worthines

The blessed-
nesse of plaine
people.

O plaine good folke, that haue no craftie byaines,
O Conscience cleere, thou knowst no cunning knacks:
O harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O simple Soules, as sweete as Virgin ware.
O happie heads, and labouring bodie's blest,
O sillie Doves, of holy Abrahams best:
You sleepe in peace, and rise in ioye and blisse,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report
yet truly gi-
uen of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies?
Where is such chære, so cheape and chaunge of fare?
Ride North and South, and searck all beaten waies,
From Barwick bounds, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I shall be, your slaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You must
reade further
before you
finde Ludloe
described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes returne,
A season short, no long discourse doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in dede to doe I haue.
Loke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this hower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power:
Not hyperd thereto, but hal'de by harts desire
To giue them praise, whose deedes doe fame require.
Verte folium.

The Authors
forgetfulnesse
excused.

*O*f Shrewsbury Churches and the Monument
therein, with a Bridge of stone two bowshot long, and
a streate called Colam, being in the Subbarbs,
and a fayre Bridge there in like maner: all
this was forgotten in the first copie.

I Had such haste, in hope to be but brieke,
That Monument, in Churches were forgot:

And

of Wales.

And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where playes haue bin, which is most worchie note,
There is a ground, newe made Theatour wise,
Both deepe and hys, in godly auncient guise:
Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleasant
and artificiall
peece of ground

A spare belowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players too, great roume and place at will.
And in the same, a Cocke pit wondrous feare,
Besides where men, may wrestle in their fill.
A ground most apt, and they that sits above,
At once in vewe, all this may see for loue:
At Astons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Alford
was a good
and godly
Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne streame, runs round about this ground,
Haue that one side, is close with Shrewsburie wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
In that same Soyle, behold at will ye shall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be seene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall say the Towne, is sure a princely Seate.

A Fryer house
stood by this
ground called
the Welsh
Fryers.
In Shrewsburie
were three
Fryer houses,

Without the walles, as Subbarbs bylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a streate, doth answer in degre,
And by some part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as through bridge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of Freestone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deceyfull skill, that first the founders were:

L

God

The worthines

God right they hold, the fruite of labour reape,
Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the spyrtes and sence so quicke:
O golden age, that car'd not what was spent,
So leaden daies, did stand there with content.

Gold were thoir pées, that sparde such siluer pence,
And brazen world, was that which hoorded all:
The leaden daies, that we haue sau'd since,
Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
What newe things now, with franknesse well begun,
Can staine those déedes, our fathers old haue done:
Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewise,
Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Loke on the works, and wits of former age,
And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind:
If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,
And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,
For all our braue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
Tyme past would run, with all the same away.
Like Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,
In this one point, shall you resolué at ease.

A brieue dis-
course of aun-
cient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,
To buyld their Townes, on steepe and stately hill:
To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,
So should their works, declare their worthe will.
And for that then, the world was full of strife,
And fewe men stood, assur'd of land or life:
Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,
That no one Soyle, was free from soule debate.

The occasion
of buylding
strong Holds.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discord,
They made strong Holds, and Castles of defence:

And

of Wales.

And such as weare, the Kings the Prince and Loꝝ
Of any place, would spare for no expence,
To see that safe, that they had hardly won:
For which sure poynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people wared wylde,
They brought in feare, by this both man and child.

And if men may iudge who had most ado,
Or gesse by Forts, and Holds what Land was best:
Or looke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Or search what made, men seeke for peace and rest,
Behold but Wales, and note the Castles there,
And you shall finde, no such works any where:
So old so strong, so costly and so hye,
Not vnder Sunne, is to be seene with eye.

Wales hath a
wonderfull
number of
Castles.

And to be plaine, so many Holds they haue,
As sure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pause there a while, my muse must pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon such matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be set forth in verse,
Which shall both Towne, and Castle here rehearse:
So that the verse, such credit may attayne,
As wꝛiter shall, not lose no pꝛce of payne.

A description
of Denbigh-
shire.

¶ An Introduction to bring in Denbighshire.

Hath slouth and sleepe, bewitcht my senses so,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muse, become so great a foe,
That labring pen, in pennoz still shall stand,
What trifeling toy, doth trouble wꝛiters brayne,
That earnest loue, forgets swete Poets vayne:

A conceyted
toy to set a
broach an ear-
nest matter.

The worthines

Shid welcome mitch, and sad conceytes adue,
And fall againe, to wyite some matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
To giue skill light, and make sound iudgement see:
Since gazing eyes, hath scene what each thing is,
And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
Set forth in verse, as well this Countrey here,
As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere:
Praise one alone, the rest will thee disvaine,
A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muster-
maister of
Kent more
chargeable
then well cōsi-
dered of there.

Though former toyles, be lost in Sommer last,
Dispayre not now, for Wales is thankfull still:
Thou hast gon farre, the greatest byunt is past,
Then forward passe, and plucke not backe good will,
Put hand to Plough, like man goe through with all,
Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall:
When seede is sowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of god graine.

Hold on thy course, and trauaile Wales all oze,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
And thou shalt see, thou neuer saw'st befoze,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell:
More auncient Townes, more famous Castles old,
Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold:
With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
And thou shalt see, what glorie thou shalt win.

So I toke horse, and mounted up in haste,
From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde:
When frost and frowe, and wayward winters waste,
Did beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde,
I entred first, at Chirke, right oze a Broke,
Where saying still, on Countrey well to loke.

Chirke Castle
a goodly and
princely house
yet.

of Wales.

A Castle fayre, appéerde to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers boty large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the same doth Kéerpoek run,
A raging Brooke, when rayne or snowe is greate:
It was some Prince, that first this house began,
It shewes farre of, to be so braue a Seate.
On side of hill, it stands most trim to beue,
An old strong place, a Castle nothing newe.
A goodly thing, a princely Pallace yet,
If all within, were thoroughly furnishe fit.

Kéerpoek a
wondrous vio-
lent water.

Maister Iohn
Edwards hath
a fayre house
here this.

Beyond the same, there is a Bridge of stone,
That stands on Dée, a Riuer déepe and swift:
It seemes as it, would riue the Rocks alone,
Or vndermyne, with foze the craggie Clift.
To Chester runs, this Riuer all along,
With gushing streame, and rozing water strong:
On both the sides, are bankes and hilles good stoze,
And mightie stones, that makes the Riuer roze.

Newe Bridge
on the Riuer
Dée.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bá,
And swelles like Sea, with waues and foming flood:
A wonder sure, to see this Riuer Dée,
With winde alone, to ware so wyld and wood,
Make such a skurre, as water would be mad,
And shewe such life, as though some spræte it had.
A cause there is, a nature for the same,
To bring this flood, in such straunge case and frame.

A straüge na-
ture of a water

There is a
poole in Me-
ryonethshire
of three myle
long rageth so
by storme that
it makes this
Riuer flowe.

Not farre from this, there stands on litle mount,
A right fayre Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of good account,
Full fancly wrought, amid the Quære I spyde,
A Tombe there is, right rich and skately made,
Where two doth lye, in stone and auncient trade.

Ruabon
Church is a
fayre peece of
worke.

The worthines

The man and wife, with sumptuous solemne gypse,
In this rich sort, before the Altar iyes.

This Gentle-
man was cal-
led Iohn Bel-
lis Eytton.

His head on crest, and warlike Helmet stapes,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he lapes,
Two Gauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, apperes in many a place:
His house and lands, not farre from thence doth sho,e,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmest glasse, that may in window be,
(Wherein the roote, of Iesse well is wrought)
At Altar head, of Church now shall you see,
Pea all the glasse, of Church was deere bought.

Offaes Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines strength.
Wats Dyke likewise, about the same was set,
Betwæene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke still, but passing bounds by sleight,
The one did take, the other prisner streight.

Wats Dyke.

Thus foes could mæte, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
God rule and lawe, makes baddest things to stay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The brutest beasts, that sauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as season is assynde:
The angryest men, that can no friendship byde,
Must ceace from warre, when peace appalles their pride.

of Wales.

Robert Ho-
well lyes there
a Gentleman.

Now let this goe, and call in haste to minde,
Crin Wricklam Towne, a pearle of Denbighshiere;
In whose fayre Church, a Tombe of stone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on side of Quere.
On th'other side, one Pilson lyes in graue,
Whose hearle of blacke, sayth he a Tombe shall haue:
In Quere lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

But speake of Church, and steeple as I ought,
By pen to base, so sayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are so finely wrought,
I cannot praise, the workmanship too much.
But buylt of late, not eight scoze yeeres agoe,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth shoue:
No common worke, but sure a worke most fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The steeple there, in forme is full foure square,
Yet euery way, fise pinnackles appere:
Crin Pictures sayre, in stone on outside are,
Made all like ware, as stone were nothing deere.
The height so great, the breadth so bigge withall,
No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that stands, to stayne a number more,
In any age, that hath bin buylt before.

¶ A generall Commenda- tion of Gentilitie.

NEre Wricklam dwels, of Gentlemen good store,
Of calling such, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not seene no more,
(In such small rounge) that auncient Armes doe giue.

They

The worthines

In Maylor, are
all these Gen-
tlemen.
Maister Roger
Piffonshoule
at Itchly.

They are the ioye, and gladnesse of the poore,
That daily feedes, the hungrie at their doore:
In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found,
Some house is kept, and bountie doth abound.

Maister Alm-
mer at Pant-
yokin.

They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey too,
And furnisht are, to serue at neede in neede:

Maister Iohn
Piffon of Ber-
fan.

And every thing, in rule and order do,
And vnto God, and man due honour yeeld.

Maister Ed-
ward Iones of
Cadoogan.

They are the strength, and suretie of the Land,
In whose true hearts, doth trust and credit stand,

Maister James
Eaton of Eat-
ton.

By whose wise heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the Prince, reposerh greatest care.

Maister Ed-
ward Eaton
by Ruabon.

They are the flowers, of euery garden ground,
For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes:

Maister Owen
Bructon of
Borras.

Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is sownd,
Their noble myndes, will bring forth faithfull deedes:

Maister Iohn
Piffon of Ha-
berdewerne.

Their glozie rests, in Countries wealth and fame,
They haue respect, to blood and auncient name:

Maister Tho-
mas Powell of
Horsley.

They weigh nothing, so much as loyall hart,
Which is most pure, and cleane in every part.

Maister Iohn
Treuwar of
Trenolin.

They doe vphold, all ciuill maners myld,
All manly acts, all wise and wortie waies:

A gene all
praise of all
Gentlemen in-
habiting of a-
ny Countrey.

If they were not, the Countrey would grow wyld,
And we should soone, forget our elders daies:
Ware blunt of wit, in speech growe rude and rough,
Want vertue skill, and haue of vice enough.
Shewe feeble spirité, lacke courage euery where,
Dout many a thing, and our owne shadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hve renowne,
To scale the Clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre:
Assault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,
Eue charge on Moone, and Sunne that shines so fayre.

of Wales.

I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly oze, high Hilles if they had wings:
Seate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines tow,
Yea what dare not, a man of courage doe.

Nowe must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leaue, and pen out further place:
So if my muse, were now in pleasant bayne,
Holt Castle should, from verse receiue some graces:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly rounes throughout,
Strong Tauls and Caues, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of worthis price.

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent, (and pen is readie prest)
To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remains, in head and labouring brest.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Wrichen both,
Where are great Hilles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Of Mountaines now, in dede my muse must runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables fayne:
Because some say, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taste sometymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and best.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer skill of rest,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hilles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A discourse of Mountaynes.

DAME Nature drew, these Mountaynes in such sort,
As though the one, should yeld the other grace:

Holt Castle
an excellent
fine place, the
River of Dee
running by it.

Maister Hines
dwelles there.

Maister Swan
Hines dwelles
in Yale, a
fayre house.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen on
a wooddie hill
on the one
side, & Greene
Castle on the
other.

A Bridge of
stone very faire
there stands
ouer Dee.

Maister La-
kon.
Ma. Thlude
of Yale.

The worthines

Oz as each Hill, it selfe were such a Fort,
They scoznde to stowe, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and smoth like garden ground,
Where shoulde hye woods, and goodly groues be found?
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coast,
With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On Hill we bewe, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate oz cold, and so sucke vp swæte ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and loke on Countries fayre,
And who so sits, oz stands on Mountayne hie,
Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may loke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged Rocks, brings playnestt people forth,
On Mountaine wyld, the hardest Hozse is bred:
Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
Swæte is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And nære the Skye, growes swætestt fruit in deede:
On marrish meares, and watrie mossie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbishy drosse vsound.

The fogges and mists, that rise from vale belowe,
A reason makes, that highestt Hillles are best:
And wihen such faggges, doth oze the Mountayne goe,
In foulestt daies, fayre weather may be gess.
As bitter blasts, on Mountaynes bigge doth blowe,
So noysome smels, and sauours bryede belowe:
The Hill stands clære, and cleane from filthie smell,
They finde not so, that doth in Valley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yère,
Then those in Vale, in playne oz marrish soyle:

of Wales.

A lustie hart, a cleane complexion clere
They haue on Hill, that for hard liuing toyle:
With Ewe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greatest toyles, to rub out weatie day:
And when to house, and home good fellows drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure, and wholesome as the Hill,
Both man and beast, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it keepes one nature still,
Trim neate and drye, and gay to go vpon.
A place most fit, for pastime and good sport,
To which wylde Stagge, and Bucke doth still resort:
To crye of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the fields.

It stands for world, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets sayne, on Shoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are beguylt,
The maker first, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made Hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A strong defence, for needfull fruit and Corne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlorne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and driuen backward too,
They would destroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischief doe:
God saue what smart, and grieve the earth would hyde
By sturdie stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to saue the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaues, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should by aunches dayly beate:

The worthines

How could poore soules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their seate.
Who buyds his hower, right vnder fate of hull,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus prone I here, the Mountaine frendeth all,
Stands stiffe gaynst stormes, like steele or byazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hie,
Whose princely power, can byde both bront and thocke
Of bitter blast, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortresse stands, vpon so firme a Rocke,
A Prince helps all, and both so strongly sit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake must leane, where strength doth most remaine,
The Mountayne great, commaunds the litle Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
Thrust full of stones, and Rocks as hard as steele:
A pæreles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who sits full fast, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of luttel ayre,
A den of drosse, oft tymes moze soule then fayre:
A durtie Soyle, where water long doth byde,
Yet ritche withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
An eating woyme, a Cancker past recure:
A trebole loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Husick makes, but rather iares procure:
A stirrer vp, of strife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that stayneth eucry state
With giftes and bybes, that grædie glutton feedes
And filles the gut, wherecan great treason bycedes.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit ozeweene, and man belæue to farre:

of Wales.

Enfects the mynde, with vice in euery part,
That quickly lets, the fences all at warre.
In Valley rich, these mischiefes nourisht are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne poore and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of brayne, ne craft nor cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble waies,
But where ritche Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is moze loue, who hath moze happye daies,
Then those poore hynds, that digges and delues the ground,
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
Ne Cozne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Loyd, such blessing there doth giue,
That swæet content, with Oten Cakes can liue.

Solwe Whey and Curds, can yeeld a sugred tast,
Where swæete Hartchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emytie gozge, hath hole of Milke embrast,
And Cheese and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
He craues no feast, nor seekes no banquets fine,
He can dilgeat, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepest so sound, as he that hath no Shape,
Nor heard of Beasts, to pasture and to feede:
Who feares the Wolfe, but he who Lambes doth keepe,
And many an hower, is forst to watch in deede,
Though gold be gay, and cozdyall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, gryppes long a greedie mynd,
Poore Mountayne folke, possesse not such great stozz,
But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

The worthines

Of Yale a little to be spoken of.

The names of
the Riuer of
Denbighshire.
Keerlock parts
Shropshire &
Debighshire,
before Chirk.
Dee at newe
Bridge, and
Thlangoth-
len.

Aleyn in the
valley of Yale.
Clanweddoek
in the fayre
vale of Duffrin
Cloyd.
Cloyd receiues
Clanweddoek
and Elwyc by
Saint Aile.
Istrate by
Denbigh.
Rathad comes
to the Voin-
ney.
Keynablenh
comes into
Rayhad.

THE Countrey Yale, hath Hillcs and Mountaynes hie,
Small Vallies there, saue where the Brooks do rone:
So many Springs, that field that soyle is dype:
God Turffe and Heate, on mossie ground is won,
Wherewith god fires, is made for man most meete,
That burneth clere, and yelds a sauour swaete
To those which haue, no nose for dayntie smell,
The finer soyt, were best in Court to dwell.

This Soyle is cold, and subiect vnto winde,
Hard duskie Rocks, all couered oze full vinn:
Where if winde blowe, ye shall foule weather finde,
And thinke you feele, the bitter blasts full vinn.
But though cold bytes, the face and outward skin,
The stomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
For still more meate, the Mountayne men digest,
Then in the playne, you finde among the best.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yelds,
Some softnesse too, as tract of foote hath made:
But to the Dames, for walke no pleasant feelds,
Nor no great woods, to shroud them in the shade.
Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
And god welsh Nagges, that are of kindest race:
With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treat as reason is,
But licence craue, to talke on such a Seate:
Excuse my skill, where pen or muse doth mis,
Where knowledge fayles, the cunning is not great.

of Wales.

But ere I write, a verse vpon that Soyle,
I will crye out, of Tyme that all doth spoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace.

A discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behind:
The fayrest Sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
And brightest things, bring quickly out of minde.
The trimmest Towers, and Castles great and gay,
In processe long, at length thou doest decay:
The brauest house, and princely buildings rare,
Thou wast and weares, and leaues the walles but bare,

O Cancker byle, that creepes in hardest mold,
The Marble stone, or Flint thy force shall feele:
Thou hast a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
Fling downe the strong, and make the stout to reele.
O wasting worme, that eates swæte kernels all,
And makes the Nut, to dust and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
And yet thy selfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to sinders small:
Tyme steales in man, much like an Age-wit,
That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
O wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
O dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou stingest flat, the highest Tree that growes,
And tryumph makes, on pompe and paped howes.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For thyowing downe, a rare and goodly Seate:

The worthines

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Castle throwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers most fayre, that long a tyding was,
Ethere now God wot, here growes nothing but grasse:
The stones lye waste, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Castle and the Towne.

The Castle of
Wrythen is
yet outwardly
a marueilous
faire and large
princely place.

This Castle stands, on Rocke much like red Bricke,
The Dykes are cut, with coole through stonie Cragges
The Towers are hie, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it seife, would shake a Subjects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne:
It rests on mount, and lookes oze wood and Playne:
It had great store, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did first erect the same:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was foynde in such a frame.
One tower or wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth stand,
Set forth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a
Poole here a-
bout that
hath in it a
kynd of fish
that no other
water can
shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuer swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreads the feild:
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare fish, in season due doth yeld,
As is most straunge: let men of knowledg noh!
Of such hid cause, search out the nature throwe:

of Wales.

A Hoole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
Where is a Fish, that some a Whiting call:
Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
Yet hath good stoze, of other Fishes all
Above that Hoole, and so beneath that flood
Are Sammons caught, and many a Fish full good:
But in the same, there will no Sammon be,
And nere that Hoole, you shall no Whiting see.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
And both of them, are saye and worthe note:
Who will them seeke, shall finde them still in Yale,
They beare such fame, they may not be forgot.
The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
And where it springs, the issue doth abound:
And into Dæ, this water doth dissend,
So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called
Aley, in the
valley of Yale,

Good ground likewise, this Valley seemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
On Mountayne top, the Valley shall you see
All ouer greene, with goodly Heddwes feare.
This Valley hath, a noble neighbour nere,
Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appere:
Which Towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
The noble Soyle, and Countrey is so fayre.

The valley of
Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In Tombe of stone, amid the Chauncell lay:
But since remou'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes
Right hand of Quere, full playne before your eyes:
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buryed well.

The Earle of
Kent lyes here.

An Anckres
in King Hen-
ric the 10th this
tyme buryed
here.

The worthines

Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
By muse must passe, a Soyle most rich and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none anoyd,
That sawe the same, and rode or went that way:
The vewe thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd:
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each mans eyes.

The pleasant
vale of Dyffrin
Cloyd.

This Vale doth reach, so farre in vewe of man,
As he farre of, may see the Seas in deede:
And who a while, for pleasure trauaile can
Throughtout this Vale, and thereof take good hâde,
He shall delight, to see a Soyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the rest excell.

The Vale
thoroughly de-
scribed.

As it belowe, a wondrous beautie shoves,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On every side, as farre as Valley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye shall behold:
They keepe the Vale, in such a quiet sort,
That birds and beasts, for succour there resort:
Pea flocks of soule, and herds of beasts sometyme,
Draues there from stozme, when tempests are in pyme.

Three Riuers
in this Vale.

A naturall se-
cret touched.

Three Riuers run, amid the bottome heere,
Istrate, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyse of streames, in Sommer morning clere,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That passeth there, a second Heauen is:
No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis:
A Musick sweete, that throug our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.

of Wales.
The Castle of Cargoorley
in Denbighshiere,

CArgoorley comes, right now to passe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and toznes
As though it had bin neuer knowne to men,
Or carelesse left, as wretched thing forlozne:
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whose wacke doth none bewayle.
But if she knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that Seate, it should repayed bee,
For further cause, then common people see.

But sondrie things, that are full farre from sight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in fine:
So such as haue, thereto but little right,
Possesse the same, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or suite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer bring, his betters in dispute,
That hath perchance, bin got by hap or sute:
So rest good muse, and speake no further heere,
Least by these woꝝds, some hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, so tyme still rouleth on,
God Subiects serue, for somewhat more or lesse:
And when we see, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater gesse.
First how to gayne, by present tyme and state,
Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date:
Tyme past growes cold, and so the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it selfe, by Castle, house or Farme:
That reach is good, that rule my friends God send,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

Thomas Sa-
lesburie of
Lleweni.
Robert Sale-
burie of Ba-
chenbid.
Fouk Lloyd
of Houllan.
Piers Holland
of Kynmel.
Piers Owen of
Abergele.
Edward The-
keall of Beren.
William Wyn
of Llamuairc.
Elis Price of
Spitty.
John Middle-
ton.

The worthines

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
I neede no glose, nor shad to set thee out:
For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
The noblest Soyle, that is in any part:
And for thy Seate, and Castle doe compare,
With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The strongest
Castle & seate
that euer man
beheld.

This Castle stands, on top of Roche most hye,
A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or steale:
A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
That no deuce, may well the bottome seele.
The Roche discends, beneath the auncient Towne,
About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
That goes through Roche, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the
situation and
buylding of
the same.

I want good words, and reasons apt therefore,
It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale:
But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat more,
Of Castles praise, as I haue spoke of Vale.
A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as sayre,
Yet sayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
Made of freestone, and not of burned brick:
No buylding there, but such as man might say,
The worke thereof, would last till Iudgement day.

The Seate so sure, not subiect to a Hill,
Nor yet to Wyne, nor force of Cannon blast:
Within that house, may people walke at will,
And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.—
If Cannon roide, or barkt against the wall,
Friends there may say, a figge for enemies all:
Five men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious sort) that shall approach that Seate.

of Wales.

Who stands on Rocke, and lookes right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I sought my selfe, from top to fling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguied.
If such a height, the mightie Rocke be than,
He force nor sleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the Fort, if house be furnisht thow,
The troch whereof, let world be witnesse now.

A practise by
the Author
proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Rocke to clyme
To Castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Rocke to goe, yea any step sometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Castle strongly stands,
Past winning sure, with engin sword or hands:
So lookes it oze, the Countrey farre or neere,
And shines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou bearst away the praise,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and lawde a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Clowdes shall raise.
The Castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount, now all that ere I sawe.

A great glorie
giuen to Den-
bigh.

G Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and the Castle Dynosebrane.

THE great desire, to see Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muse, from other matter true:
But as that sight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I should present to you.
So duetic bids, a writer to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, must yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke some grace.

The worthines

The Abbey of
Valey Crucis.

An Abbey nere, that Hountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple too likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes,
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hie as hee:
And in one place, the Hountaynes stands so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their height is great, and full of narrow waies,
And stepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late dales,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Hountaynes ends:
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in soze distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes oze both house and thatch,
When for their liues, poze men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hie,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Roche alone, full farre from other Hount
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly
bridge of stone
here.
The Towne
and the bridge
with the vyo-
lent Riuer be-
fore that
Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is nere, the goodly Riuer Dee,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Roche, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Roche cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remaine,
That backward might, the flood of force constrainne.

From

of Wales.

From thence to Chirke, are Hountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Hountaynes stood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whiles betwixt, the valley and the wood,
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Hount doth well appeere:
It kept those bounds, from forrayne force and power,
That men might sleepe, in surctie euery hower.

Here Denbighshiere, departs from wryters pen,
And Flintshiere now, comes brauely marching in,
With Castles fine, with proper Townes and men,
Whereof in verse, my matter must begin:
Not for to fayne, and please the tender eares,
But to be playne, as worlds eye witnesse beares:
Not by herelap, as fables are set out,
But by god y^e case, of vewe to vrayd a dout.

A little spoke
of Flintshiere,

The Author
fell sicke here.

When Sommer swæte, hath blowne oze Winters blast,
And waies ware hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calme Skyes, sayth bitter stozmes are past,
And Clowdes ware clære, that now doth lowze and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, oze rockt a sleepe with paine,
For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
That studious head, a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring, comes on with newe delite,
You shall from me, heare what my muse doth write.

The wryter
takes here
breath till a
better season
serues.

Here endeth my first booke of the worthines of Wales: which
being wel taken, will encourage me to set forth another: in which
work, not only the rest of the Shieres (that now are not wrytten
of) shall be orderly put in print, but likewise all y^e auncient Armes
of Gentlemen there in general shall be plainly described & set out,
to the open vewe of the world, if God permit me life and health,
towards the finishing of so great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.



Churchards

Armes.

IN DIE ET MOE ROY

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